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SIXPENCE.

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AFTER TWELVE HOURS OF FROST AND TEMPEST: THE RESCUE OF SURVIVORS OF THE "HILDA" FROM THE RIGGING BY THE "ADA'S" BOAT.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT FROM DESCRIPTIONS BY THE RESCUERS.

*The "Hilda" struck at 8.30 p.m. on November 18 on a reef behind the Isla of Cezembre, outside St. Malo. The life-boat could not be lowered because of the rocks. The starboard cutter was half-lowered, but was capsized by a sea. In less than half an hour nearly everyone had been swept away, except seven, who clung to the rigging, and one on the forecabin. They were twelve hours exposed and three men in the rigging were frozen to death. As the "Ada's" boat came alongside two bodies fell off. Grunter, the only survivor of the crew, clung to the lamp on the mast. The man on the forecabin, an onion-seller, was saved by the French pilot-boat.*

## OUR NOTE-BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERION.

Dr. Macnamara said the other day at a journalists' dinner that one of his constituents had reproved him for attacking the House of Lords. The final argument the man offered in defence of that Chamber took the following form. "After all, you can't deny that it keeps 'em out of the public houses." There is something very simple and noble about this innocent retort of the poor upon the philanthropy and legislation of the rich. It is not perhaps very difficult to keep the nobility out of public houses. The national life might, however, be improved if we could keep the nobility out of private houses. It is strange how few people seem to see the deep and solemn significance of these two expressions. It is strange that the phrase "public house" should be so lightly and mechanically used that it is actually possible to utter it with an intonation of contempt. This is a mournful example of that perpetual degeneration of words which is the whole history of human language.

It is impossible to imagine a more splendid and sacred combination of words, a more august union of simplicity and glory, than this great phrase "a public house." It expresses in one word all that is oldest and soundest and most indestructible in the idea of human society: the house where every man is master; the house where every man is guest. As we should have private ties, so we should have public ties. As we should have private prayers, so we should have public prayers. As we have private houses, so we should have public houses. Even if we lament the license of their use, or regard them as having been degraded into mere drug-shops, we ought still to regard every public house as a temple, a temple that has been profaned. When we come upon some noisy drunkenness—or worse, upon some quiet and dignified drunkenness—we should speak of it as of men brawling in church. "That men should do such things!" we should say, and then, with a break in our voices and a low and hoarse tone, "in a Public House!" I know of one other parallel to this profanation of a noble civic phrase. You will hear men speak with the same accent of flippancy and bathos the word "Music Hall." What could be more coarse and commonplace than the style in which everybody speaks of a Music Hall or a Public House? And what could be more exalted or heroic than such ideas as a Hall of Music or a House of the People? Some defilers of the sanctuary, I have even heard, say "Pub" when they mean Public House. They might as well say "Cat" when they mean Cathedral. They might as well call a Palace an "old Pal."

But the gentleman who wanted to keep the Lords out of Public Houses committed an unconscious irony when he wished to achieve that end by keeping them in the House of Lords. For the House of Lords is a Public House. So is the House of Commons. That is the one really agreeable thing about them. I do not refer to the mere fact that they are, I believe, both licensed to sell stimulants, like any ordinary Public House. Nor do I allude to the fact that its occupants are sometimes chucked out. I mean that behind the existence of these things is the same idea that is behind the old inns of the world: the idea that man lives in something else besides a private house, that in the words of Aristotle (the Greek of which you have on the tip of your tongue), "man is by nature political." And if the taverns and the drinking-shops do not look very much as if they lived up to their sublime destiny—well, there are some churlish people who think that the Houses of Parliament . . . but perhaps we had better not go into that. Suffice it to repeat, for the benefit of the philanthropist who wished to keep the Lords out of public houses, that the House of Lords is itself a Public House. And that there are some people who would like to keep the Lords out of that one.

We certainly live in times of a resurrection of moral inquisition. Last week I had to comment on a Duchess who wished to prevent children having fairy-tales. Here we have been noticing a man who wants to prevent Peers having drinks. As I regard both as normal human rights, I resent both interferences, but perhaps last week's was the more urgent of the two, as the power of Duchesses over children is greater than the power of Dr. Macnamara's constituent over Dukes. I once saw in a French paper an advertisement in enormous letters of "Rum; comme on le boit dans la Chambre des Lords à Londres." It was pleasant to think of Lord Spencer and the Archbishop of Canterbury clinking pots full of that piratical drink. If they do so they can continue; they are in no immediate danger from Dr. Macnamara's constituent. The Duke of Devonshire may have his half-and-half or the Duke of Argyll his simple bitter-and-dash without any qualms for the present. For these people are too powerful to be called "a modern problem." So perhaps we had better pass to more urgent topics.

The Bishop of London's remarks about Christian Science seem to have been rather sensible. In a

controversy in which one side is always urging us to use purely mental means, and the other always urging us to use purely physical ones, his contribution practically resolves itself into asking why we should not use both? Everybody knows there are such things as physical causes and results. Everybody knows there are such things as mental causes and results. How far either of them goes nobody knows. Why, then, should not a man use them indifferently and equally as he sees them applicable at the moment? And observe that this is not mere commonsense; it involves also an important moral distinction. Every saint worth calling a saint worked cures by mental power. But no saint worth calling a saint would have refused to give a man a bottle of wine or a wooden leg. They gave the spiritual help, but they would never have refused to give the physical help. They would no more have thought it degrading to cure a man by physical means than they would have thought it degrading to give a man bread or boots or food or fire. But some of the Christian Science people do definitely think it degrading to use the physical means at all. And this is the real quarrel between Christian Science and Christianity.

Christianity says, in essence, something to the following effect: "If you say that you can work miracles, I do not say that miracles are impossible. I have been abused by everybody for some hundred years for saying that they were possible. But if you say that physical means are wrong, I will knock your head off. If you say that you yourself can fly up through four floors to the top of your house by means of miraculous levitation, I have no quarrel with you at all. Many of my saints have said the same. But if you say that it is degrading to a decent man to get to the top of his house by means of his legs, then, with a sacred sense of responsibility, I will knock your head off. If you say that you can live without food for nine months by miraculous means, I do not quarrel with you. But if you say that other people are poor creatures because they eat meat and drink wine, like the Apostles, then I do quarrel with you—nay, I knock your head off. And if you say that you can cure sickness by the use of your will, I do not quarrel with you—nay, I applaud you. But if you say that a man who has cured people by drugs and bandages ought to be ashamed of himself because his methods are physical, then by all I hold most sacred I will knock what you call your head off!"

In short, it is not the supernatural part of the Christian Science atmosphere, but the anti-natural part of it, to which we object. It is not what the Christian Scientists do, but what they refuse to do. To Christianity the supernatural is more than genuine; it is almost commonplace. The great saint of Christianity has miraculous power, but he does not use it uniquely or specially. I might almost say that the great saint has miraculous power, but does not take it seriously. Nothing is more to be noted in the case of the great spiritual figures of Christian life, beginning with the highest of all, than the fact that they use mental help as if it were physical—casually, on impulse, almost at random. They give a man a miracle as they might give him a light for his pipe. They open the eyes of the blind as they might open a carriage-window for a lady. They remove a man's leprosy as they might remove a piece of fluff from his coat. The miracle has in its atmosphere nothing especially solemn or mystic about it. It is an act of good-nature: but it is the good-nature of a god. It is a sort of celestial politeness. And nothing would be further from the mind of these prophets or saints than the Christian Science notion that physical methods are base or inferior. For them, healing a man by spirit is as obvious as healing him by soup. But healing him by soup would be quite as dignified as healing him by spirit.

After writing recently in this column some remarks about the nose never figuring in amorous poetry, I ought to have been prepared to be triumphantly contradicted; for those generalisations are never exactly true, especially when they take the form of a universal negative. One correspondent wrote me a very charming letter drawing my attention to a case which I certainly ought to have remembered—that of the lady whose nose was "tip-tilted like the petal of a flower." This is very delicately done; I doubt if it could be done again. In any case, a careful selection among flowers must be made by the young lyrist who wishes to compare his lady's nose to any of them. Tiger-lilies, carnations, sun-flowers, and such instances should be avoided. Another obliging gentleman sent me a postcard with the following quotation from the Song of Solomon—"Thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon which looketh towards Damascus." This is all very well when one is an Eastern despot and can pay compliments in freedom. But if in these days I endeavoured to ingratiate myself with a lady by comparing her nose to the Eiffel Tower it is not quite so easy to say what would happen.

## THE WRECK OF THE "HILDA."

The most terrible shipwreck that has happened in the Channel since the *Stella* went down occurred on the night of Nov. 18, and again it was a London and South-Western Railway Company's steamer that was wrecked. The *Hilda* left Southampton on the night of Nov. 17, bound for St. Malo, which she ought to have reached about six o'clock on the following morning. For a time she was detained by a fog off the Isle of Wight, and on approaching the French coast she was caught in a blinding snowstorm. It was believed that, owing to the thickness of the snow, the Jardin Light was invisible, for it is certain that the vessel missed the entrance to St. Malo Harbour and struck on a jagged reef about two miles off the Harbour entrance. After striking it is believed that the *Hilda* fell off into the deep water, and according to some accounts she broke in two, and in a short time nearly all her passengers and crew had been swept away by the terrific sea that was running. A few climbed into the rigging, and several of them contrived to hang there, almost frozen, for twelve hours, when they were rescued and taken to St. Malo. The passengers were for the most part Breton onion-sellers, who were returning home after their autumn trade in the West of England. Besides these there were about a dozen English people, none of whom escaped. One hundred and twenty-eight persons at least are known to have perished.

There was great anxiety in St. Malo for the overdue *Hilda*, and the captain of the *Ada*, which left St. Malo at eight on Sunday morning, kept a sharp look-out. He first noticed some wreckage, and then he saw a light in the fog. This was the lantern still burning on the mainmast of the *Hilda*, and very soon as the mist cleared the whole wreck became visible. A boat was lowered, and a party, five men and the first mate, approached the *Hilda*, where they found seven men still on the rigging. As they approached, two who were frozen to death fell off. The others, including Able-Seaman Grinter, the only survivor of the crew, were then taken off. Three of the men in the rigging were rescued alive and one on the fore-castle. The First Officer of the *Hilda* died only a few minutes before help arrived. When the vessel struck the passengers were nearly all on deck. There was no confusion, and the crew and the onion-sellers helped in the putting on of lifebelts. The survivors were taken to St. Malo Hospital, and all are likely to recover.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

"MRS. GRUNDY," AT THE SCALA.

A naïve but amiable little play, with scenes nicely calculated to provoke alternate smiles and tears, with a pretty rural setting which shows off by contrast the pettiness of a group of scandalous gossips, with a conventional portrait of an unconventional person who braves the opinion of his parish in the cause of Christian charity—such is the new piece which Mrs. Ryley, author of Mr. Forbes-Robertson's greatest managerial success, "Mice and Men," has written for his Scala Theatre under the happy title of "Mrs. Grundy." Its humour is rather obvious, its sentiment theatrical, its technique—in the last act especially—surprisingly amateurish, but it has a certain redeeming quality of humanity which should secure it popularity with the unsophisticated playgoer. Of course its leading rôle, that of the breezy rector who gives shelter to a compromised young governess and is boycotted for his pains, is unworthy of Mr. Robertson's exceptional gifts; of course we soon recognise that this militant clergyman who professes to loathe preaching is going to treat us to many a rough-and-ready sermon during the course of the play's action. But his homilies are so kindly and quaint, and his relations with his only ally—the vivacious young American lady, Mrs. Patullo—are so piquantly described, that we readily pardon the playwright the artificiality of her characterisation and the thinness of her plot. For the story is amazingly thin—just one tiny thread of intrigue strained to breaking-point through four protracted acts. It is finished off clumsily also; the parson's offer of marriage to the governess, and Mrs. Patullo's confession of being unmarried and therefore free, both being arranged very maladroitness. Still, the play has charm, and furnishes opportunities for delightful acting. Mr. Robertson, when he knows his lines, will make a very attractive parson-hero; and Miss Gertrude Elliott is altogether fascinating already as the so-called Mrs. Patullo, whom she interprets with delightful humour and tenderness; while Miss Van Buskirk shows promise in the part of the unhappy governess, and Mr. Sydney Brough is thoroughly amusing as a bluff old soldier-servant.

"MR. POPPLE," AT THE APOLLO.

If "Mr. Popple of Ippleton," the Apollo Theatre's new entertainment, develops into a success, the credit for such a result will belong rather to the representative of its titular character, Mr. G. P. Huntley, than to the author and composer of the piece, Mr. Paul Rubens. To watch Mr. Huntley as a sort of modern and more likeable Tony Lumpkin—a North-country squire apparently—trying to see the sights of town and bringing innumerable rosy apples from his capacious pockets—speaking, too, all the while with his characteristic and most laughable drawl—this is a sheer delight; and for the invention of so droll a character as Mr. Popple, Mr. Rubens deserves hearty thanks. But apart from this achievement he has not done much that is worthy of account in his new "comedy with music." We had been promised a new departure, something that should make musical comedy dramatic and artistic, and lift it out of the old grove of imbecility. But Mr. Rubens seems to have been overweighed by the task of being his own librettist, lyric-writer, and musician. His score shows traces of the amateur; his lyrics are neat enough, but his plot, which was to be the thing, is as inconsequent

as any other musical comedy, and merely consists in Mr. Poppel being brought into contact with La Bolero, a "star" actress interpreted with no little verve by Miss Ethel Irving, and in certain scenes being laid in a Piccadilly hotel and at a seaside motor-carnival. Miss Irving has one good song; but more musical "turns" are needed, and the whole piece sorely wants pulling together.

### THE ROYAL TOUR IN INDIA.

On the arrival of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Jaipur on Nov. 21, the visitors were greeted with splendid Oriental pageantry. The processional route from the station, at least two miles long, was lined with the troops and retainers of the State of Jaipur, a brave show of horsemen, footmen, and riders on elephants in the most gorgeous uniforms and trappings. The Prince was received by the Maharaja, who was accompanied by the high officials and Sardars of the State. Their Royal Highnesses had their headquarters at the Residency.

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## THE WORLD'S NEWS.

## ACCIDENT TO THE KING.

While shooting in Windsor Great Park last week, King Edward met with an unfortunate accident. While walking from one point to another in the afternoon for the last drive but one of the day, his Majesty caught his right foot in a rabbit-hole and fell suddenly with sufficient force to splinter the stock of the gun he was carrying. He was at once assisted to rise, and while he rested on his shooting-seat and the head keeper massaged the injured foot, a carriage was sent for, and he drove back to the Castle, leaving word that the sport was not to be abandoned. Later in the day Lord Knollys telegraphed to say that his Majesty had torn a tendon about the ankle, but was doing well, and not suffering more pain than was expected. Sir Frederick Treves came down in the evening, by the special desire of her Majesty Queen Alexandra, to examine the King's ankle, and remained at the Castle during Friday. It was not found necessary to issue any official bulletins, and his Majesty's progress towards recovery has been steady. The accident did not interfere in any way with official duties or social ceremonies; indeed, it did no more than enforce a temporary cessation of active exercise.

## THE NEW KING OF NORWAY.

The deputation from the Norwegian Storting, sent to announce the election of Prince Charles of Denmark to the throne of Norway, and to ask him to accept the crown, was received by King Christian on Nov. 20 at the Amalienborg Palace, Copenhagen. Mr. Berner, the President of the Storting, spoke for the deputation, and addressing King Christian, he recalled the friendship between Norway and Denmark, and begged the King to consent to Prince Charles's election. The King replied, saying that it was his hope that the ties which even now unite the young King to the old land and people might be more firmly knitted by the co-operation between monarch and subjects. He acceded with pleasure to the wish of the Norwegian

Amalienborg, Prince Charles, who had now assumed the title of Haakon VII., received the Norwegian representatives at his own residence. The King said he had



Photo, Daily.  
THE LATE CAPTAIN DONALDSON,  
SHOT BY AN INDIAN FANATIC.



Photo, Günther.  
THE LATE COUNT OF  
FLANDERS.

asked for the plebiscite in order that he might be sure that a nation and not a party had desired him to assume the Norwegian Crown. That nation had thereby shown him a confidence which he knew how to appreciate, and which he hoped would constantly

Albert, who married the Duchess Elizabeth of Bavaria, is the heir-presumptive to the Belgian Throne.

Captain John William Edward Donaldson, of the Royal Artillery, who was shot dead by a fanatic in India on Nov. 17, was in his thirty-fifth year, and had served in the Artillery since 1861. He took part in the campaign with the Malakand Field Force in 1897-98, and during the South African War he was engaged in the Orange River Colony and in Cape Colony. For all these services he was decorated. Since last February he had been Brigade Major of the Bannu Brigade.

## THE FIRE IN GLASGOW.

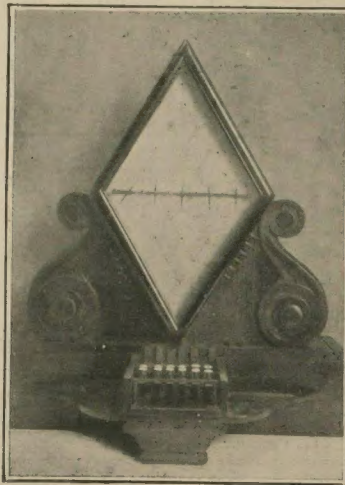
About six o'clock in the morning of November 19, a fire broke out in a common lodging-house in Glasgow, and thirty-nine persons lost their lives, twenty-four were injured, and nearly three hundred were rendered homeless. The house was one of two in Watson Street, both owned by a member of the Glasgow Corporation. The building was three storeys high and could accommodate 360 persons. The place, which was frequented by the poorest of the city, was almost full on Saturday night, and everything was reported in good order when the officials retired. The order, indeed, was exceptional for a Saturday night in that quarter. The flames were first noticed by a watchman, who at once gave the alarm to the Fire Brigade, and about the same time one of the inmates of the house, who was sleeping on the third floor, discovered that the place was on fire, and tried to rescue the other sleepers. The firemen, finding the flames inaccessible, devoted themselves first to life-saving, a work of tremendous difficulty. Crowds of half-nude and wholly frantic men fought upon the stairs for escape, and hindered their rescuers. There was a thick fog

and bitter frost at the time, and as the flames got greater power, and unmistakable sounds told that some were perishing, the whole scene was like some imagining of the Inferno. One of the strangest rescues was that of a blind man, who was saved by a companion named Findlay at the risk of his own life. Findlay got the blind man out upon the roof

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## AN EARLY TELEGRAPH ADVERTISEMENT.

When the Great Western Railway first installed the telegraph between Paddington and Slough, they issued this invitation to the public to inspect the instruments. The exhibition was patronised by Queen Victoria.



Photo, Sturges.  
ONE OF THE FIRST TELEGRAPH INSTRUMENTS.

This five-needle instrument was that used by the Great Western Railway Company for their first telegraphic installation between Paddington and Slough. It is a slight advance upon Cooke and Wheatstone's earliest instrument, which was first tried at Kilmcott House, Hammersmith Mall, afterwards the home of William Morris.



Photo, Sturges.  
A CHAIR OF NAPOLEON'S UNDER THE HAMMER.

The chair, to be sold at Sotheby's early in December, comes from Longwood, the exile's house at St. Helena. In Myrbach's picture of Napoleon at Longwood there is a chair that might have been drawn from this one.

grow stronger. On Monday next King Haakon will take the oath before the Storting.

## DEMONSTRATION BY THE UNEMPLOYED.

On Monday last a great demonstration by the Unemployed of London took place. Some seven or eight thousand men, stated by well-qualified observers to be bona-fide members of the working classes, marched to Hyde Park, where the crowd, including spectators, must have numbered nearly thirty thousand. The demonstration, conducted in most orderly fashion, was organised by the Central Workers' Committee on Unemployment, which was responsible for the recent deputation to the Prime Minister of Unemployed Women. The demonstrators carried many banners with striking titles, the most appropriate legend being: "We Demand Work, Not Charity," and the procession started shortly before half-past one from the Thames Embankment, accompanied by a brass band which played the "Marseillaise," on reaching the West-End. The Park was not reached until three o'clock, and there, round the main platform, some twenty thousand people were gathered. Speeches were made by Mr. Quelch, Mr. James Macdonald, of the London Trades Council, and Mr. J. E. Williams, marshal of the procession, and proceedings came to an end shortly after four o'clock. There was no disorder, and although a very large body of police had been requisitioned, its task was of the lightest. Doubtless many dwellers in the West-End of London saw the unemployed for the first time on Monday last. Since last week the Queen's Fund has risen very considerably, and has received several notable donations, including one of £10,000 from Lord Mount Stephen. A central committee has been appointed for London to deal with the question of the unemployed, and has held its first meeting, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor. It is pointed out in many well-informed quarters that the only solution of the problem likely to be permanent lies in the extension of the area of work.

## OUR PORTRAITS.

The Count of Flanders, who died on Nov. 17, was the brother of King Leopold. Philip Count of Flanders was born in 1837. He was trained for the army, in which he held the rank of a Lieutenant-General. In 1867 he married Princess Marie of Hohenzollern, and had three children. The eldest, Princess Henriette, is the Duchesse de Vendôme; the second, Princess Josephine, is the wife of Prince Charles Anthony of Hohenzollern; and the third, Prince



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.  
THE QUEEN AND KING OF GREECE SHOPPING IN WINDSOR.

On the afternoon of November 16 the Queen and her brother, the King of Greece, went shopping in Windsor. They were almost unrecognised, but one street-arab gravely stood aside and saluted, and the King with equal gravity lifted his hat.

of the house, and guided him upon the frozen slates until he reached an iron ladder, down which he conducted him to safety.



Photo, Jungmann.  
THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND AND THE GRAND DUCHESS OF BADEN.

The photograph was taken during the recent visit of the Queen of Holland to the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden. The scene is the grounds of the Grand Duke's residence.

people. King Christian then addressed Prince Charles and Princess Maud, exhorting them to loyalty and giving them his blessing. After the ceremony at the

THE NEW QUEEN OF NORWAY IN NORWEGIAN NATIONAL COSTUME.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NYBLIN.

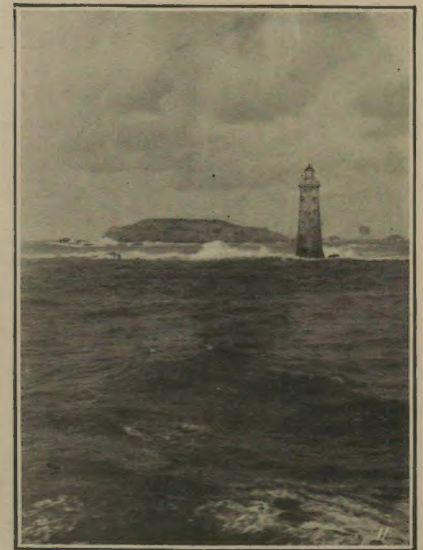
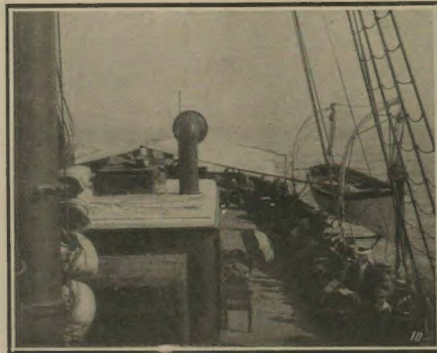


QUEEN MAUD AS A WOMAN OF HARDANGER.

*The photograph was taken some years ago, when King Edward's youngest daughter was on a visit to Norway. She is in the dress of a peasant woman of Hardanger, the picturesque fjord not far from Bergen.*

# THE LOSS OF THE CHANNEL STEAMER "HILDA" WITH 128 PERSONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU, FROMONT, DELL, AND PARK.



1. A TYPE OF THE PRINCIPAL VICTIMS: A BRETON ONION SELLER.
2. THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER: THE ISLE OF CEZEMBRE.
3. THE ROCKS THAT WRECKED THE "HILDA": THE ISLE OF CEZEMBRE.

4. ONE OF THE ENGLISH VICTIMS: MR. GRINDLE.
5. THE ONLY ENGLISH SURVIVOR: THE SAILOR GRINTER.
6. ON BOARD THE "HILDA," OUTWARD BOUND.
7. ON THE "HILDA," BOUND FOR ST. MALO.

8. THE CAPTAIN, MR. GREGORY, WHO PERISHED WITH HIS SHIP.
9. ST. MALO: LA PLACE DUGUAY-TROUIN.
10. ON BOARD THE "HILDA," LOOKING AFT.
11. THE LIGHT THE "HILDA" MISSED: JARDIN LIGHTHOUSE, WITH THE ISLE OF CEZEMBRE IN THE BACKGROUND.

The "Hilda," belonging to the London and South Western Railway Company, went down outside St. Malo on the morning of November 19. One hundred and twenty-eight persons perished, including about a dozen English passengers. The bulk of the passengers, however, were Breton onion-sellers, who were returning home after their autumn trade in the West of England. One English sailor and three Bretons escaped.

# THE STARVING EAST INVADES THE AFFLUENT WEST.

DRAWN BY H. H. FLÈRE.



THE MARCH OF THE UNEMPLOYED TO HYDE PARK: THE PROCESSION ENTERING THE GROSVENOR GATE.

*Over seven thousand of the unemployed came up on November 20 from the East-End, and, forming in procession on the Embankment, marched through the most fashionable part of the West-End to Hyde Park. There they passed resolutions repudiating "doles" and demanding work. The demonstration is further described elsewhere.*

# THE DISASTROUS FIRE IN A GLASGOW LODGING - HOUSE.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY W. A. DONNELLY, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN GLASGOW.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS. NOV. 25. 1905.—762

THE DISASTER IN WHICH THIRTY-NINE PERSONS LOST THEIR LIVES ON THE MORNING OF NOVEMBER 19.

*Elsewhere we give the details of the disaster. The scene of the fire was a common lodging-house frequented by the very poorest of the city. About three hundred persons were got out safely after a tremendous struggle, and several very gallant rescues are recorded. There was a keen frost and thick fog at the time, which greatly hindered the work of the fire brigade, who showed a splendid devotion. During the rescue work many of the firemen, finding that they could carry those they were rescuing far better without their helmets, put them off and entered the burning building without this protection.*

# THE BLACK JOKE

A REPORTED TALE OF TWO SMUGGLERS.

ILLUSTRATED BY

By "Q."

[GORDON BROWNE.]

MY mother's grandfather, Dan'l Leggo, was the piousest man that ever went smuggling, and one of the peaceablest, and scrupulous to an extent you wouldn't believe. He learnt his business among the Cove boys at Porthleah—or Prussia Cove as it came to be called, after John Carter, the head of the gang, that was nicknamed the King o' Prussia. Dan'l was John Carter's own sister's son, trained under his eye; and when the Carters retired he took over the business in partnership with young Phoby Geen, a nephew by marriage to Bessie Bussow that still kept the Kiddlywink at Porthleah, and had laid by a stockful of money.

These two, Dan'l Leggo and Phoby Geen (which was short for Deiphobus), lived together and worked the business for five years in boundless harmony; until, as such things happen, they both fell in love with one maid, which brought out the differences in their natures to a surprising degree, converting Dan'l into an Early Christian for all to behold, while Phoby turned to envy and spite, and to a disgraceful meanness of spirit. The reason of this to some extent was that the girl—Amelia Sanders by name—couldn't abide him because of the colour of his hair and his splay feet; yet I believe she would have married him (her father being a boat-builder in a small way at Porthleven, and beholden to the Cove for most of his custom) if Dan'l hadn't come along first and cast eyes on her; whereby she gave to Dan'l and liked him better and better as time brought out the beautiful little odds-and-ends of his character; and when Phoby made up, she took and told him, in all the boldness of affection, to make himself scarce, for she wouldn't have him—no, not if he was the last man in the world and she the last woman. I daresay she overstated the case, as women will. But what appeared marvellous to all observers was that the girl had no particular good looks that wouldn't have passed anywhere in a crowd, and yet these two had singled her out to pay their addresses to.

Dan'l (that had been the first in the field) pointed this out to his partner in a very reasonable spirit; but somehow it didn't take effect. "If she's as plain-featured as you allow," said Phoby, "why the dickens can't you stand aside?" "Because of her affectionate natur," answered Dan'l, "and likewise for her religious disposition, for the latter o' which you've got no more use than a toad for side-pockets." "We'll see about that," grumbled Phoby; and Dan'l, taking this for a threat, lost no time in putting up the banns.

Apart from this, he went on his way peaceably enough, never doubting that, when the knot was tied, Phoby would let be bygones and pick up with another maid; whereby he made the mistake of judging other folks' dispositions by his own. The smuggling, too, was going on more comfortably than ever it had; in John Carter's time, by reason that a new Collector had come to Penzance—a Mr. Pennefather, a nice little, pleasant-spoken, round-bellied man that asked no better than to live and let live. Fifteen years this Pennefather held the collectorship, with five-and-twenty men under him, besides a call on the military whenever he wanted 'em; and in all that time he never made an enemy. Every night of his life he stepped over from his lodgings

in Market Jew Street for a game of cards with old Dr. Chegwiddden, who lived whereabouts they've built the Esplanade since then, on the Newlyn side of Morrab Gardens; and after their cards—at which one would lose and t'other win half-a-crown, maybe—the Doctor would out with a decanter of pineapple rum, and the pair would discourse over their glasses on Natural History, which was a hobby with both. Being both unmarried, they had no one to call bed-time; but the Collector was always back at his lodgings before the stroke of twelve.

With such a Collector, as you may suppose, the free trade in Mount's Bay found itself in easy circumstances; and the Covers (as they were called) took care in return to give Mr. Pennefather very

each was provided with movable boards painted with the other's name, to cover up her own. The tale went that once the pair, lying together in New Grimsby Sound, in the Scillies, during an eclipse of the sun, Dan'l and Phoby took it into their heads to change rigs in the darkness, just for fun; and that the Revenue Officer, that had gone over to the Island of Bryher to get a better view of the eclipse, happening to lower his telescope on the vessels as the light began to grow again, took fright, and, wading across to Trescow for his life (the tide being low), implored the Lord Proprietor's agent to lock him up; "for," said he, "either the world or my head has turned round in the last twenty minutes, and whichever 'tis, I want to

be put in a cool place out of temptation." But the usual plan was, of course, for the two to change rigs at night-time when on a trip, and by agreement, and for the one to stock off suspicion while the other ran the cargo. Yes, yes; Dan'l Leggo and Phoby Geen were both very ingenious young men, though by disposition so different; and when John Carter in his retirement heard of the trick, he slapped his leg and said in his large-hearted way that dammy he couldn't have invented a neater; and at the same time fined himself sixpence for swearing, which had been his rule when he was Cove-master. I once saw a bill of his made out in form, and this was how it ran—

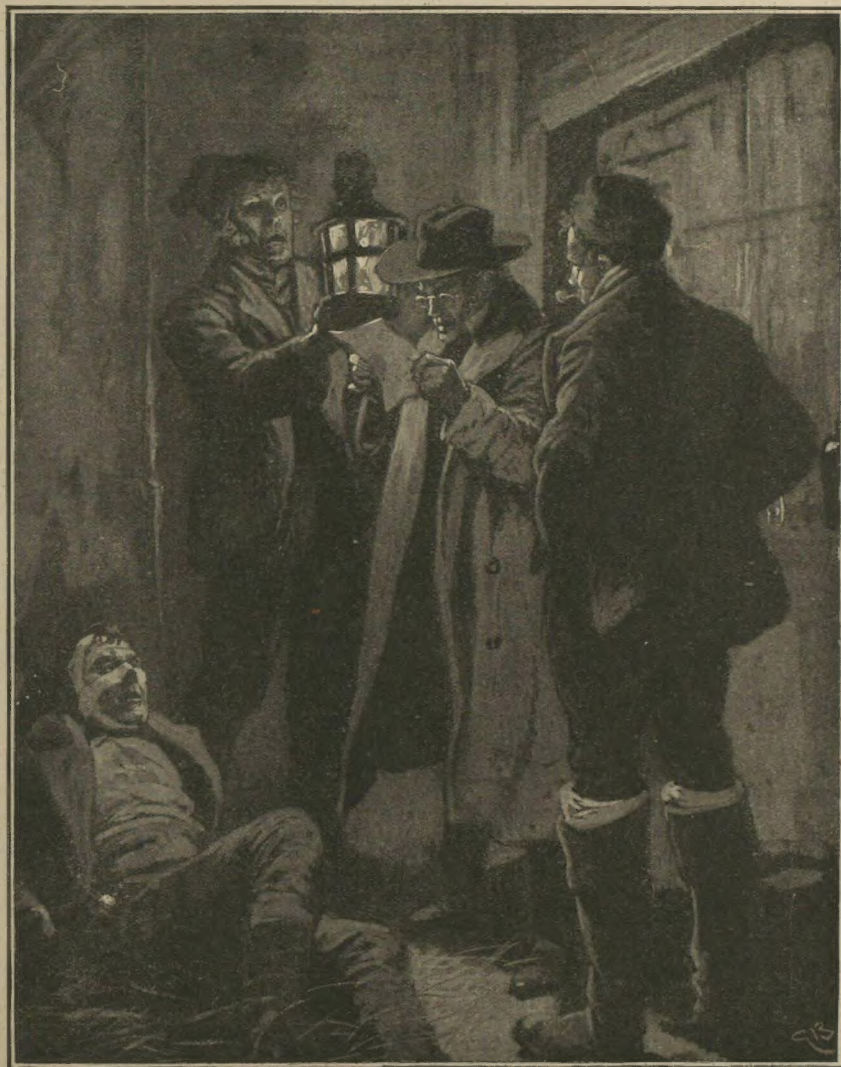
John Carter in account with  
Roger Triscott  
otherwise Clickpaw,

To 1 weeks armins	ten shillin
Item share on 49	
ankers at six-	one pound
pence per anker	
less two dams at	
6d. and a worse	
word at (say) is.	two shillin
but more if it	
happ again	
Balance doo to	One pound
R.T.	eight
or value recd. as per margin	

But the mildest of men will have their whimsies; and for some reason or other this same trick of the two boats—though designed, as you might argue, to save him trouble—made Pennefather as mad as a sheep. He couldn't hear tell of the *Black Joke* or the *Nonesuch* but the blood rushed into his head. He swore to old Doctor Chegwiddden that the Covers, by making him an object of derision, were breaking all bounds of neighbourly understanding; and at last one day, getting information that Dan'l Leggo was at Roscoff and loading-up to run a cargo into St. Austell Bay on the east side of the Blackhead, he so far let his temper get the better of him as to sit down and warn the

Collector at Fowey, telling him the when and how of the randivoo, and bidding him look out as per description for that notorious lugger the *Black Joke*.

The letter was scarcely sent before the good soul began to repent. He had a genuine liking for Dan'l Leggo, and would be sorry (even in the way of duty) to see him in Bodmin jail. He believed in Mount's Bay keeping its troubles to itself; and in short, knowing the Collector at Fowey to be a pushing fellow, he had passed two days in a proper sweat of remorse, when to his great relief he ran up against Phoby Geen, that was walking the pavement with a scowl on his face and both hands deep in his trousers, he having been told that very morning by Amelia Sanders, and for the twentieth time of asking, that fonder than marry him she would break stones on the road.



"The reward, two hundred and fifty pounds."

little trouble. In particular, Dan'l had invented a contrivance which saved no end of worry and suspicion, and was worked in this way:—Of their two principal boats Dan'l as a rule commanded the *Black Joke*, a Porthleven-built lugger of about forty tons, as we measure nowadays (but upon the old plan she would work out nearer a hundred-and-forty); and Phoby a St. Ives ketch, the *Nonesuch*, of about the same size. But which was the *Black Joke* and which the *Nonesuch* you never could be sure, for the lugger carried fids, topmast, crossrees, and a spare suit of sails to turn her into a ketch at twenty minutes' notice; and likewise the ketch could ship topmast, shift her rigging, and hoist a spare suit of lug-sails in no longer time. The pair of them, too, had false quarter-pieces to ship and unship for disguise, and

'Tis a good job, I reckon, that folks in a street can't read one another's inside. Old Pennefather pulled up in a twitter, tapping his stick on the pavement. What he wanted to say was, "Your partner, Dan'l Leggo, has a cargo for St. Austell Bay. He'll get into trouble there, and I'm responsible for it; but I want you to warn him before 'tis too late." What he did was to put on a frown, and, said he, "Looky here, Mr. Geen, I've been wanting to see you or Leggo for some days, to give you fair notice. I happen to have lost sight of the *Nonesuch* for some days; though I conclude, from meeting you, that she's back at Porthleah at her moorings. But I know the movements of the *Black Yoke*, and I've the best reason to warn you that she had best give up her latest game, or she must look out for squalls."

Well, this was a plain hint, and in an ordinary way Phoby Geen would have taken it. But the Devil stirred him up to remember the insult he'd received from Amelia Sanders that very day; and by-and-by, as he walked home to Porthleah, there came into his mind a far wickeder thought. Partners though he and Dan'l were, each owned the boat he commanded, or all but a few shares in her. The shares in the *Black Yoke* stood in Dan'l's name, and if anything went wrong with her the loss—in the eyes of the law at any rate—would be Dan'l's. All the way home he kept thinking what a faithful partner he'd been to Dan'l in the past, and this was Dan'l's gratitude, to cut him out with Amelia Sanders and egg the girl on to laugh at the colour of his hair. She would laugh to another tune if he chose to hold his tongue on Mr. Pennefather's warning, and let Dan'l run his head into the trap. The Fowey Collector was a smart man, capable of using his information. (Phoby, who could see a hole through a ladder as quick as most men, guessed at once that Pennefather had laid the trap, and then repented and spoken to him in hope to undo the mischief.) Like as not St. Austell Bay would be patrolled by half-a-dozen man-of-war's boats in addition to the water-guard; and this meant Dan'l's losing the lugger, losing his life too, maybe, or at the least being made prisoner. Well, and why not? Wasn't one man master enough for Porthleah Cove? And hadn't Dan'l and the girl deserved it?

I believe the miserable creature wrestled against his temptation: and I believe that when he weighed next morning and hoisted sail in the *Nonesuch* for Guernsey, where the *Black Yoke* was to meet him in case of accident, he had two minds to play fair after all. 'Twas told afterwards that, pretty well all the way, he locked himself in his cabin, and for hours the crew heard him groaning there. But it seems that Satan was too strong for him; for instead of bearing straight up for Guernsey, where he well knew the *Black Yoke* would be waiting, he stood over towards the French coast, and there dodged forth and back, under pretence of picking her up as she came out of Roscoff. His crew took it for granted he was following out the plan agreed upon. All they did was to obey orders, and of course they knew naught of Mr. Pennefather's warning.

To be short, Dan'l Leggo, after waiting the best part of two days at St. Peter's Port and getting no news to the contrary, judged that the coast must be clear and stood across with a light sou'-westerly breeze, timing it so as to make his landfall a little before sunset: which he did, and, speaking the crew of a Mevagissey boat some miles off the Dov man, was told he might take the lugger in and bring her up to anchor without fear of interruption. (Whether or no they had been bribed to give this information he never discovered.) They told him, too, that his clients—a St. Austell company—had the boats ready at Rope Hauen under the Blackhead, and would be out as soon as ever he dropped anchor. So he crept in under darkness and brought up under the loom of the shore—having shifted his large lug for a trysail and leaving that set with his jib and mizzen—and gave orders at once to cast off the hatches. While this was doing, sure enough he heard the boats putting off from the beach a cable's length away, and was just congratulating himself on having to deal with such business-like people, when his mate, Billy Tregaskis, caught hold of him by the elbow.

"Hark to them oars, Sir!" he whispered.

"I hear 'em," said Dan'l.

"You never heard that stroke pulled by fishermen," said Billy, straining to look into the darkness. "They're man-o'-war's boats, Sir, or you may call me a Dutchman!"

"Cut the cable!" ordered Dan'l, sharp and prompt.

Billy whipped out his knife, ran forward, and cut loose in a jiffy; but before the *Black Yoke* could gather headway the two boats had run up close under her stern. The bow-man of the first sheared through the mizzen-sheet with his cutlass, and boarding over the stern with three or four others made a rush upon Dan'l as he let go helm and turned to face them; while the second boat's crew opened with a dozen musket-shots, firing high at the sails and rigging. In this they succeeded: for the second or third shot cut through the trysail tack and brought the sail down with a run; and almost at the same moment the boarders overpowered Dan'l, bearing him down on deck, where they beat him silly with the flat of their cutlasses, and so passed on to drive the rest of the lugger's crew that were running below in a panic.

The struggle had carried Dan'l forward, so that when he dropped 'twas across the fallen trysail. This served him an ill turn: for one of the cutlasses, catching in a fold of it, turned aslant and cut him cruelly over the bridge of the nose. But the sail being tanned, and therefore almost black in the darkness, it served him a good turn too; for after his enemies had passed on and were busy making prisoners of the rest of the crew, he lay there unperceived for a great while, listening to the racket, but faint and stunned, so that he could make neither head nor tail of it. At length a couple of men came aft and began handling the sail; and "Hullo!" says one of them, discovering him, "here's one as dead as a haddock!" "Put him below," says the other. "What's the use?" asks the other, pulling Dan'l out by the legs and examining him;

"the poor devil's head is all jelly." Just then a cry was raised that one of the boats had gone adrift, the boarders having forgotten to make her fast in their hurry, and someone called out an order to man the other and pull in search of her. The two fellows that had been handling Dan'l dropped him and ran aft, and Dan'l—all sick and giddy as he was—crawled into the scuppers and, pulling himself up till his eyes were level with the bulwarks, tried to measure the distance between him and shore. Now the lugger (you'll remember) was adrift when the Nayvmen first boarded her, through Billy Tregaskis having cut the cable; and with the set of the tide she must have been carried close inshore during the scrimmage before they brought her up: for, to Dan'l's amazement, she lay head-to-beach, and so close you could toss a biscuit ashore. There lay the shingle a-glimmering under his nose, as you might say; and he put up a thanksgiving when he remembered that a minute ago his only hope had been to swim ashore—a thing impossible in his weak state; but now, if he could only drop overside without being observed, he verily believed he could wade for it—that is, after the first few yards—for the *Black Yoke* drew from five to six feet of water, and since she lay afloat 'twas certain the water right under him must be beyond his depth. Having made up his mind to the risk—for anything was better than Rodmin prison—he heaved a leg across the bulwarks, and so very cautiously rolled over and dropped. His toes—for he went down pretty plump—touched bottom for a moment: but when he came to strike out he found he'd over-calculated his strength, and gave himself up for lost. He swallowed some water, too, and was on the point of crying out to be taken aboard again and not left to drown, when the set of the tide swept him forward, so that he fetched up with his breast against a shore-line that someone had carried out from the bows: and hauling on this he dragged himself along till the water reached no higher than his knees. Twice he tried to run, and twice he fell through weakness, but came ashore at last at a place where the beach ended in a low ridge of rock covered with ore-weed. Between the rocks ran stretches of whitey-grey shingle, and he lay still for a while and panted, considering how on earth he could cross these without being spied by the Nayvmen, that had recovered their boat by this time and were pulling back with her to the lugger. While he lay there flat on his stomach, thinking as hard as his bruised head would let him, a voice spoke out of the darkness close by his ear, and said the voice, "You belong aboard the lugger, if I'm not mistook?"—which so terrified Dan'l that he made no answer, but lifted himself and stared, with all his teeth chattering. "You stay still where you are," the voice went on, "till the coast is a bit clearer, as 'twill be in a minute or two. There's a two-three friends up the beach, that were hired for this business; but the Preventive men have bested us this time. Hows'ever, you've had luck to get ashore—'tis better be lucky than rich, they say. Hurtled, are ee?" The boats being gone by this time, the man that owned the voice stepped out of the darkness, lifted him—big-boned man though he was—and hefted him over the rocks. A little higher up the foreshore he was joined by two others, and the three between 'em took hold of Dan'l and helped him up the cliff and through a fuzer-brake till they brought him to a cottage, where, in a kitchen full of people, he found half-a-dozen of the Cove-boys that had dropped overboard at the first alarm and swam for shore; and the lot gathered about a young doctor from St. Austell that was binding up a man whose shoulder had been ripped open by a musket-ball.

Poor Dan'l's injury being more serious, and his face a clot of blood from the cutlass-wound over his nose, the doctor turned to him at once and plastered him up for dear life; after which his friends, well knowing that a price would be set on him as skipper of the *Black Yoke*, carried him off to St. Austell in a cart that had been brought for the tubs; and at St. Austell hired a chaise to carry him home to Marazion, taking the precaution to wrap his head round with bandages, so that the post-boys might not be able to swear to his looks. A Cover called Tummels drove with him, bandaged also; and stopping the chaise a mile outside Marazion, lifted Dan'l out, managed to hire a cart from a farm handy-by the road, and so brought him, more dead than alive, home to Porthleah.

But though more dead than alive, Dan'l had not lost his wits. Except for the faithful Tummels and Bessie Bussow at the kiddlywink, the Cove was all deserted—the *Nonesuch* and her crew being yet on the high seas. The very next day he sent Tummels over to Porthleven to tell Amelia Sanders of his mishap, and that he was going into hiding for a time, but would send her word of his movements; and on Tummels' return the pair sat down and cast about where the hiding had best be, Dan'l being greatly uplifted by Tummels' report that the girl had showed herself as plucky as ginger, in spite of the loss of the lugger, declaring that, come what might, she would rather have Dan'l with all his Christian virtues than a fellow like Phoby Geen with all his riches and splay feet. Moreover—and such is the wondrous insight of woman—she maintained that Phoby Geen must be at the bottom of the whole mischief.

Dan'l didn't pay much heed to this, but set it down to woman's prejudice. After talking the matter well out, he and Tummels decided on a very pretty hiding-place and a fairly comfortable one; which was a tenantless house on the coast near St. Ives. A Bristol merchant had built it, meaning to retire there as soon as he'd made his fortune: but either the cost had outrun his plans or the fortune didn't come quite so soon as he expected. At any rate, neither he nor his family had ever taken up abode there. A fine house it was, too, and went in the neighbourhood by the name of Stack's Folly. It stood in the middle of a small farm of about a hundred and fifty acres, besides moor and waste; and,

as luck would have it, a brother-in-law of Tummels, by name William Sleep, rented the farm and kept the keys of the house, being supposed to look after it in the family's absence.

Across to Stack's Folly, then, Dan'l was driven in a cart under a great pile of ore-weed; and William Sleep not only gave over the keys and helped to rig up a bed of straw for him—for the house hadn't a stick of furniture—but undertook to keep watch against surprise and get a supply of food carried up to him daily from the farm-house, which stood in the valley below, three-quarters of a mile away. So far so good: yet now a new trouble arose owing to Dan'l's wounds showing signs of inflammation and threatening to set up wild-fire. Tummels and Sleep put their heads together, and determined that a doctor must be fetched.

Now Dr. Chegwidgen, who was getting up in years, had engaged an assistant to take over the St. Ives' part of his practice; a young fellow called Martyn, a little on the right side of thirty, clever in his profession, and very well spoken of by all. (Indeed, Dr. Chegwidgen, that had taken a fancy to him first-along for his knowledge of Natural History, in due time promoted him to be partner, so that when the old man died, five or six years later, Dr. Martyn stepped into the whole practice.) William Sleep at first was for fetching this young doctor boldly; but Tummels argued that he was a new comer from the east part of the Duchy, if not from across Tamar, and they didn't know enough of him to warrant the risk. So in the end, after many *pros* and *cons*, they decided to trust themselves first to Dr. Chegwidgen.

That same night, as the old doctor, after his game of cards with Mr. Pennefather, sat finishing his second glass of rum and thinking of bed, there came a ring at the night-bell, which of all sounds on earth was the one he most abominated. He went to the front door and opened it in a pretty bad temper, when in walked Tummels and William Sleep together and told their business. "A man—no need to give names—was lying hurt and in danger—no matter where. They had a horse and trap waiting, a little above Chyandour, and, if the doctor would come and ask no questions, the same horse and trap should bring him home before morning."

The old doctor asked no questions at all, but fetched his great coat, tobacco-pouch, tinder-box, and case of instruments, and walked with them to the hill over Chyandour, where he found the trap waiting, with a boy at the horse's head. Tummels dismissed the boy and in they all climbed; but before they had driven half-a-mile the doctor was asked very politely if he'd object to have his eyes blindfolded.

He chuckled for a moment. "Of course I object," said he; "for—you may believe it or not—if a man can't see that his pipe's alight he loses half the enjoyment of it. But two is stronger than one," said he; "and if you insist I shall submit." So they blindfolded him.

In this way they brought him to Stack's Folly, helped him down from the cart, and led him into the bare room where Dan'l lay in the straw; and there by lantern-light the old man did his job very compositely.

"You're not altogether a pair of fools," said he, speaking for the first time as he tied the last bandage. "If you hadn't fetched someone, this man would have been dead in three days from now. But you're fools enough if you think I'm going to take this jaunt every night for a week and more—as someone must, if Dan'l's to recover; and you're bigger fools if you imagine I don't know the inside of Stack's Folly. My advice is that in future you save yourselves trouble and call up my assistant from St. Ives; and further, that you don't try this business of blindfolding him, but trust him for the gentleman and good sportsman I know him to be. If 'tis any help to you, he'll be stepping over to Penzance to-day on business, and I'll take the opportunity to drop him a hint of warning."

They thanked him, of course. "And sorry we are, Doctor," said Tummels, "to have put you to this inconvenience; but there's no fiend like an old friend."

"Talking of friends," answered Dr. Chegwidgen, "I think it well to set you on your guard." He pulled out a handbill from his pocket. "I had this from Mr. Pennefather to-night," said he; "and by to-morrow it will be posted all over the country: an offer for the apprehension of Daniel Leggo; the reward, two hundred and fifty pounds."

"Two hundred and fifty pounds!" Weak as he was, Dan'l sat upright in the straw, and the other two stared at the doctor with their jaws dropping—which Dan'l's jaw couldn't, by reason of the bandages.

"And you ask us to trust this young furriner, with two hundred and fifty pounds for his hand to close on!" groaned Tummels.

"I do," said the doctor. "The man I would warn you against is a man you'd be ten times apter to trust; and that is your partner, Deiphobus Geen. I understand he's away from home just now; but—reward or no reward—when he returns I advise you to watch that fellow closer than any of the Preventive men: for to my certain knowledge he had ample warning of what was to happen, and I leave you to judge if 'twas by accident he let his friend Dan'l, here, run into the trap."

Tummels made a motion to draw out a musket from under the straw where Dan'l lay. "If I thought that," he growled, "I'd walk straight over to Porthleah, wait for him, and blow his scheming brains out."

"You'd be a bigger fool, then, than I take ye for," answered the doctor quietly, "and I know you've but wits enough for one thing at a time. Your business now is to keep Dan'l hidden till you can smuggle him out of the country; and if Dr. Martyn or I can help, you may count on us, for I hate such foul play as Deiphobus Geen's, and so, I believe, does my assistant."

With that the doctor took his leave of Dan'l and was driven home by Tummels, William Sleep remaining to stand guard; and next day, according to promise, Dr. Martyn was told the secret and trusted with the case.

(To be concluded.)

THE ROYAL VISIT TO INDIA: NATIVE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



A SILENT AUCTION: BARGAINING BY PRESSURE OF THE FINGERS.

*The practice here illustrated is followed in the markets of India. The bargainers sit facing each other, and a cloth is spread over their joined hands. An offer is made by the pressure of the fingers, and declined by a movement of the head. Then further bargaining ensues until an agreement is come to or the negotiation is broken off. The merchant may thus go the round of the market without his price becoming generally known. This method might be useful occasionally on the Stock Exchange; but if it became general it would mean the extinction of the tape.*

# SHAKSPEARE AT WINDSOR: THE COMMAND PERFORMANCE BEFORE THE KING AND THE KING OF GREECE.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT WINDSOR.



Princess Henry. Prince Christian. Princess Royal. King. Princess Nicholas. Queen. King of Greece. Princess Christian. Princess Victoria. Prince Nicholas.

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" PLAYED BY MR. BOURCHIER'S COMPANY BEFORE THE ROYAL PARTY AT WINDSOR, NOVEMBER 16.

The performance began shortly before ten o'clock, when the King and Queen and the King of the Hellenes entered the Waterloo Chamber, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess Nicholas of Greece, the Princess Royal, and the Duke of Fife, Princess Victoria, Prince and Princess Christian, and other members of the royal family. Mr. Arthur Boucher's company gave "The Merchant of Venice," in which Mr. Boucher took the part of Shylock, and Miss Violet Vanbrugh that of Portia. The performance concluded with Mr. Alfred Sutro's play in little, entitled "A Marriage Has Been Arranged."

# THE KING'S ACCIDENT AT A SHOOTING-PARTY: A DAY AMONG THE PHEASANTS AT WINDSOR.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.



THE KING AND HIS GUESTS AMONG THE PHEASANTS.

*The King's shooting-parties at Windsor, at several of which his Majesty is entertaining the King of Greece, are the desire of fortunate sportsmen. In point of quality and abundance of game and skill in shooting, these gatherings are probably unrivalled in the world. On November 16 his Majesty, while shooting with the King of Greece, stumbled over a rabbit-hole and sprained his foot, but fortunately not severely. The fall, however, was so violent that his Majesty broke his gunstock.*

## AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY ANDREW LANG.

"Picking up things" is a subject which interests most people, for almost everyone is a collector in his way, if only of putters or postage-stamps; and, as far as that way goes, scans his whole horizon in search of what he may set eyes on cheap. "Picking and stealing" is a consecrated phrase, and picking up things cheap is not very much better than stealing, if the purchaser knows the value of his bargains and the vendor is an ignorant, poor body. I scarcely think that I ever "picked up" anything much below its value. I never had the chance. Perhaps it is as well for the ignorant, poor body that I never had. However, do not let me be, like Byron, the *fanfaron* of the vices which I do not happen to possess. The real joy of "picking up" is that, first, of pride in one's luck; then of pride in one's discernment. There is a story of a man looking out of the railway-carriage window as he came to London from the West; and, seeing things that were not the linen of the household hung up to take the air in the little garden of one of the many small semi-detached villas, the observer left the train at the next station, took a cab, tracked that villa, and discovered a vast treasure of "priceless" ancient tapestry. The owner, who knew nothing about tapestry, "made a price," and both parties were contented.

That passenger was both lucky and discerning. The tapestry may have come from Windsor Castle, where the property of a King who died a sudden death was sold at an alarming sacrifice some two hundred and fifty years ago; but this is only a conjecture. At last I seem to have "picked up" something; and as we are privileged to be antiquarian in this place, I may be allowed to tell the anecdote. All my life since I was at school, I have been haunted by the interest of what is called the "Lion Gate" at Mycenæ. In some book I then saw a picture of the ancient wall of the city of Agamemnon, built imperishably of those monstrous blocks of stone which have outlived so many empires and will outlast so many more. They laugh at earthquakes, and the most democratic of revolutions would hardly think it worth while to dynamite them as monuments of so ancient a monarchy.

Above the gigantic mass of the lintel of the gate is a tall, triangular block on which are carved two lions or lionesses in low relief. They are the supporters, like heraldic supporters, of a curious column, and it appears that such pillars were sacred objects of Mycenaean religion. The lions have long been headless. They do not appear to have attracted attention in Western Europe before the nineteenth century, and were headless then. At the picture of this gateway, when I was a small boy much in love with the "Iliad," I used to stare wistfully, and think how Agamemnon had driven his chariot through the portal, with all his spears behind him, on the way to besiege Troy town; and how he came home again after many years to find death in his own high-roofed palace. "The thoughts of a boy are long, long thoughts"; my wish always was to see what sort of heads these lions wore; and now, perhaps, I have seen.

Some years ago I was walking past a little shop of secondhand small wares in a London street. I stared in at the window of the lost little curiosity-shop, and there, in a tray full of old seals and nicknacks—cheap trifles—I saw the lions of Mycenæ, with the heads on. The object was a piece of white stone, onyx or chalcedony, or what not. There was a modern gold ring for attachment to a watch-chain at the top, and the base was surrounded by a broad gold band of late eighteenth or early nineteenth-century design. The stone, a representation of the lions, with their heads on, grinning like two Cheshire cats, varied in several details from the stone of the Mycenaean gate. I did not buy it; but suggested that the shopkeeper should show it to the British Museum (I think the late Mr. A. S. Murray was then head of the Classical Department) and to a certain very great archaeologist. Neither of them would purchase the trinket, and what was not good enough for them did not seem good enough for me. Years passed, when I again went through that street, saw the lions in their old place, and fell a victim to their charms—at a slight reduction. I thought that probably some tourist in Greece a century ago or more had seen and sketched the lions of Mycenæ, still with their heads on, and had paid a gem-cutter to make the trinket from the sketch as a *souvenir de voyage*. But I could see that the thing was not an exact copy in several points; that, however, I set down to the carelessness of the sketcher or the copyist in stone; and, anyhow, the heads were on the lions facing the spectator.

More time passed, and the lions were lost, and could be found nowhere. However, they turned up somehow three weeks ago; then they were shown to a scholar concerning whom in these matters it may be said that what he does not know is not knowledge. He amazed me by his reasons for supposing that the trinket is probably a talisman of the later Mycenaean age; and another expert believes that there is no questioning its genuine antiquity. It will thus be of the period of King Solomon and of Homer. It is as if the spirit of Homer had reserved this piece of luck for the age of the small boy who, like many of those small boys of his time, was so fond of his poems, and has since, like Homer himself, been explained away in a syndicate of men of letters. What queer adventures this little talisman has seen or missed through three thousand years!—remaining underground, no doubt, for most of the period, till some peasant in Crete perhaps picked it up as a "milkstone," a charm for his wife, and then sold it to the curious tourist, who had the gold band and ring attached, and wore it on his watch-chain till it came back into commerce, and for long found nobody to buy. So that is the story of this "pick-up." It is not equal to the splendid Rembrandt portrait lately bought by a London purchaser, unconscious of its value, for ninety shillings, but it is an agreeable wail and stray of the ancient.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

H. C. (Greenwich).—You can best learn chess by constant practice over the board at some club. A good book on the openings, however, such as Freeborough's "Chess Openings," would be more to the point than what you suggest.

BLACK KNIGHT.—Kindly let us know on your next diagram under what name the problem—if accepted—is to be published.

A. W. G. (Edinburgh).—We will examine the position and report at a later date.

H. O. R. MUTTIKISTINA (Puttalam).—Your solution of No. 3205 is correct, and acknowledged below. Problems should be sent on diagrams, but they can be home-made. The initial of the piece's name, with a circle round those that are black, will suffice.

P. DAILY (Brighton).—Your last contribution (No. 29) is of a type we do not care to submit to our solvers, knowing the disavowal with which such positions are received by them.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3206 received from H. O. R. Muttikistina (Puttalam, Ceylon), H. P. Brunner (Philadelphia, U.S.A.), and P. N. Hancé (Dhar, Central India); of No. 3207 from H. P. Brunner and Y. B. Smith (Atlanta, U.S.A.); of No. 3208 from F. J. Field (New York), (Atholl, Mass.), and James Clark (Chester); of No. 3209 from D. B. R. (Oban), L. Lovell (Mylor Bridge), F. J. Field, Samson Weiss (Vienna), and Frank Wm Atchinson (Crowthorne); of No. 3210 from T. Roberts, Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), A. W. Young (Edinburgh), D. Newton (Lisbon), Rev. A. Mays (Bodford), Marco Salem (Bologna), F. J. Field, F. R. Pickering (Forest Hill), E. A. Williams (Dolgelly), Joseph Semic (Prague), Doryman, E. L. Lunn (Westgate-on-Sea), E. W. Thomas (Dolgelly), and Securi.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3211 received from Sorrento, A. S. Hanbury (Birmingham), T. Roberts, W. Howard (Liverpool), J. Hopkinson (Derby), D. B. R. (Oban), A. W. Young (Edinburgh), F. J. Field, E. Lawrence (Cheltenham), Rev. A. Mays (Bodford), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), Charles Buncutt, A. J. Thornhill (Daddington), The Tidd, D. Weir (Birmingham), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), W. A. Thompson (Dawlish), G. E. Rodway (Trowbridge), S. G. Bakker (Rotterdam), Hereward, A. T. Ashley (Manchester), I. Smith (Brighton), Shadforth, P. Henderson (Leeds), G. Collins (Burgess Hill), F. R. Pickering (Forest Hill), G. A. Evans (Clifton), E. J. Winter-wood, A. Belcher (Wycombe), R. Worters (Canterbury), J. W. Haynes (Winton), F. Stephens (Tottingham), Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), and H. J. Plumb (Sandhurst).

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3210.—By F. HEALEY.

WHITE.

1. Q to R 5th
2. Kt to Kt 5th
3. Kt mates.

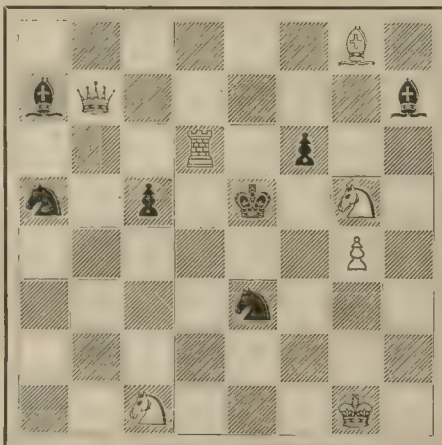
BLACK.

- B takes Q, or B to B and Any move

If Black play 1. P to R 3rd, 2. Q to K 5th, etc.

## PROBLEM No. 3213.—By G. J. HICKS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

## CHESS IN THE CITY.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the City of London Chess Club, between Mr. A. CURNOCK and Dr. S. F. SMITH.

(Danish Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Dr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Dr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	White has now a won game, although a stubborn battle has yet to be fought.	
2. P to Q 4th	P takes P	21. Kt to Kt 5th	Kt to Kt 5th
3. P to Q 3rd	Kt to K 3rd	22. R takes P (ch)	Kt to Kt 5th
4. P to K 4th	Kt to K 4th	23. R takes R	P to Kt 3rd
5. Q to K 2nd	Kt to B 4th	24. Kt takes R	Kt to B 5th (ch)
6. P takes P	Kt to K 3rd	25. Kt to B 5th (ch)	Kt to K 4th
7. P to Q 5th		26. Kt to B 5th	R to Q 4th
This harrying of the Knight, however tempting, is carried a little too far. It would be better to bring some pieces out.		27. P to K 3rd	Kt to B 5th
8. Q to K 4th	B to Kt 5th (ch)	28. P to Q 4th	R takes P
9. B to Q 3rd	P to Q 4th	29. P to K 3rd	Kt to B 5th
10. B to Q 3rd	P to K 4th	30. P to Kt 3rd (ch)	Kt to B 5th
11. P takes P (pass. ch)	Kt to B 2nd	31. P to B 4th (ch)	Kt to B 5th
12. Kt to K 2nd		32. Q to Q 5th	R takes R
13. Q to K 3rd (ch)	Q takes Q	33. Kt takes R	Kt takes P
14. B to K 2nd	Kt to K 4th	34. P to K Kt 4th	
15. B to K 2nd	Kt to K 4th	With this advance, the rest is pretty plain sailing.	
16. B to K 2nd	Kt to K 4th	35. Kt to K 3rd	Kt to Kt 5th
17. B to K 2nd	Kt to K 4th	36. Kt to K 4th	Kt to K 4th
18. Kt to Q 3rd	P takes B	37. P to K 4th	Kt to K 4th
19. Kt to Q 3rd	P takes B	38. Kt to K 4th	P to Kt 4th
20. Kt to Q 3rd	P takes B	39. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
21. Kt to Q 3rd	P takes B	40. P to R 5th	P to K 4th
22. Kt to Q 3rd	P takes B	41. P to B 4th (ch)	Kt to B 5th
23. Kt to Q 3rd	P takes B	42. P to B 4th	Kt to B 5th
24. Kt to Q 3rd	P takes B	43. Kt to Q 5th	Kt to Kt 5th (ch)
25. Kt to Q 3rd	P takes B	44. Kt to K 5th	Kt to Kt 5th (ch)
26. Kt to Q 3rd	P takes B	45. P to B 5th	P to Kt 5th
27. Kt to Q 3rd	P takes B	46. P to Kt 6th (ch)	Resigns.

## CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played by correspondence in the Brooklyn Eagle Tourney between Messrs. CONRY and DEISSIO.

(Muzio Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. D.)	WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. D.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14. R to K 2nd	P to Q 3rd
2. P to K 4th	P takes P	15. P to Q Kt 4th	P to B 3rd
3. Kt to K 3rd	P to Kt 4th	16. P to Q 4th	Kt takes Kt
4. B to B 4th	P to Bt 4th	17. B takes Kt P	Kt to K 2nd
5. Castles	D takes Kt	18. B takes Kt P	B takes B
6. Q takes P	Q to B 3rd	19. Q to Q 4th	Q to Q 4th
7. P to K 5th	Q takes P	By the skillful sacrifice of a Pawn Black has diverted the pressure of attack, and can now either force the exchange of Queens, when his material advantage of a piece wins, or he can force mates on his own account.	
8. P to Q 3rd	B to K 3rd	20. P to R 6th	R to K Kt 5th
9. B to Q 3rd	Kt to K 2nd	21. B to Kt 4th	P to B 3rd
10. Kt to R 3rd	Q to Kt 4th	22. P to B 4th	
11. Q to R 5th	Q to K 4th	And Black announced Mate in seven	
12. Kt to Q 5th	K to Q 5th		
13. B to B 3rd	R to R 5th		

This is all book play, and, curiously enough, a variation analysed to be unfavourable to White.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

FEEDING THE POOR.

The recent invasion of Downing Street by the East-End workers, suffering from the throes of poverty and the miseries of starvation, has a scientific side, as indeed most matters of social importance possess. This latter aspect of things escapes the notice of the ordinary observer. Poverty is regarded as a question for the political economist and sociologist. They are believed to know something of the conditions which make, on the one hand, for the development of misery; and, on the other, for its prevention and cure. Just as the relations of capital and labour are determined according to laws which the economist has formulated, so he is believed to hold the solution of the problem of poverty within his grasp. It is true the masses may not heed his teachings. Political economy is not a "dismal science," by any means, but it is not at all a popular study. Hence its main conclusions scarcely reach the people with that degree of directness and force which is necessary in order to apply abstract ideas to the practical solution of economic difficulties.

If even we gave free courses of lectures to the masses on the all-important topics of trade, its interests, its conservation, its spread, and so forth—matters of the most vital interest to all workers—I question whether we should get an audience beyond the faithful few amongst whom might be numbered the units who attend all free lectures, from those on the last molar of the Megatherium to those dealing with the history of Mesopotamia. My argument is that the other side of poverty-questions is that very practical aspect which concerns itself with the relief of the distress which is only too apparent around us to-day. This is the scientific phase. It deals with the means and ways of supplying at least adequate nourishment to the starving poor at a cost which shall ensure the judicious expenditure of money with the fullest available return for the outlay. Here we blend economics of the ordinary kind and those which science demonstrates as possible of attainment in the feeding of the poor.

It is not at all unlikely that a very large sum of money will be subscribed for the aid of starving humanity in London. Provincial centres will doubtless follow suit and continue the help which previous years have demanded. The gracious gift of her Majesty the Queen, heading the list with a donation of £2000, will stimulate the work of unloosening the purse-strings of the people. I should not wonder if the relief fund speedily runs into a quarter of a million pounds. Be this as it may, there must be economy illustrated in the disbursement of all moneys collected for charity, otherwise the chief aim and end of the movement for relief will be missed altogether. Leaving questions of shelter, clothing, and warmth out of sight, important as they are, the first duty which awaits the dispensers of charity is that of feeding the poor. Nutrition will not wait; clothing questions may. Every living thing demands its daily bread, from the flower in the pot to man himself. Hence it is that first of all we have to bethink ourselves of how to feed the poor satisfactorily and economically withal.

There is to be sufficient nourishment, capable of maintaining the body in health, and of securing that when work is obtained that body shall be a machine efficient for performing the labour it must perform. Then the children have to be considered. They demand special attention in the way of feeding if they are to grow up into healthy units. Obviously, the crucial point before those responsible for the administration of a great charity, such as that before us, is the construction of a dietary which shall suffice to maintain the body, consistently with economy, in the selection of the materials whereof the diet is composed. Herein science comes to our aid by showing forth the principles on which our bodily nourishment must be conducted if the business of our commissariat is to be successfully carried on. Rule-of-thumb ideas are of no account in a work of this importance. We must work upon definite statements, not of cost merely, but of the value in nutritive constituents we are getting for our money.

We know that in supplying a man with food, we have to provide him with two distinct classes of substances. The first of these build up his body, and renew and repair his tissue-wastes. The second class of foods represents the coal and water of the engine. They are energy-producers; in other words, they give us "the power of doing work." It is evident that we must obtain a sufficiency of both classes of nutriment for the adequate support of the body as a going machine. Science will tell us, for example, that in the case of a man doing a fair amount of work, we should require to give him daily about one of the first class to four-and-a-half parts or so of the second; for like the engine, he demands much more coal and water than material to repair himself. There is almost no end to the sources from which we may draw nourishment. We may obtain it from the vegetable world entirely, or from animals and from plants combined. Leaving out individual peculiarities, we can subsist on either diet, though in nature that which determines our feeding is, of course, climate. Food is a matter of our geographical distribution.

Because vegetable fare is cheaper than that derived from the animal world, most, if not all charities have drawn their food-supplies most largely from the plant kingdom. What, for example, can be more nutritious than soup made of peas, beans, or lentils? A basin of such food, with bread, constitutes an admirable meal, sufficiently rich in both classes of nutriment. The changes can be rung on foods to an almost unlimited extent. Again, cocoa is a food, while tea and coffee are not foods at all. A cup of cocoa and bread is a cheap but satisfying breakfast for your hungry man. If, as an American Professor has been telling us, we can subsist and work healthily on less food than is usually supposed to constitute our limit, we may at least rejoice for the sake of the poor in the intimation. His ideas are likely this winter to be subjected to a thoroughly practical test.

ANDREW WILSON.

# OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON THE WAY TO INDIA.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG ON BOARD THE P. AND O. MAIL-STEAMER "MACEDONIA."



1. THE ART OF BALANCING.
2. A MUSICAL MEDLEY AT MARSHES FOR THE BENEFIT OF P. AND O. PASSENGERS.
3. THE CHÂTEAU D'IF, THE SCENE OF "MONTE CRISTO."

4. THE STOKERS IN SUNDAY DRESS.
5. STROMBOLI IN ERUPTION: A RARELY SEEN LAVA STREAM.
6. AT PORT SAID: "AH! MR. FERGUSON, YOU ARE A HARD CASE, I MAKE NO PROFIT."

7. CAMELS AND CAMERAS ON THE SUZ CANAL.
8. EAST AND WEST OF PORT SAID.
9. A GLIMPSE OF MOUNT SINAI.
10. ASHRABI SKIBETON LIGHTHOUSE, GULF OF SUZ.

## THE BOOKSTALL AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

## REVIEWERS' VIEWS.

IT is no disparagement to a delightful volume of autobiography, the "Memoirs of Sir Wemyss Reid" (Cassell), to say that the most interesting statement in it is the prefatory allusion to the succeeding volume yet to come. The present instalment stops with the year 1885, so that we have no mention of the last eighteen years of Sir Wemyss Reid's life in London, with its many interests, political and literary. Mr. Stuart J. Reid, who has edited his brother's reminiscences with perfect tact and judgment, says of this second volume: "It will appear eventually, and personally I feel no doubt whatever that it will take its place, quite apart from its self-revelation, as one of the most important and authentic records, in the political sense, of the later decades of Queen Victoria's reign." The story of Wemyss Reid's life once more illustrates the well-known fact that success in London journalism is attained most quickly by the aspirant with a provincial training and reputation. Of Scots ancestry on both sides, Reid, in his own phrase, had "ink in his blood," and a childish acquaintance with a humble jobbing printer settled once and for all the question of the boy's profession. There is nothing very new or remarkable in this story of the evolution of an editor. Reid ever proved himself alert and indefatigable, and to these qualities he soon added a facility which, if fatal to any literary pretensions, was invaluable in the under-staffed office of a provincial paper. Like most successful men, Reid was keen to avail himself of every opportunity that chance offered. In reading his memoirs we are tempted to think that he was specially fortunate in these opportunities.

After a short experience in London as representative of the *Leeds Mercury* in the Gallery, Wemyss Reid, in 1870, returned to Leeds as editor of that famous paper, whose history went back so far as 1718. An ardent politician, Reid became the trusted friend of many of the Liberal leaders. "He was," said Lord Rosebery, "the devoted and chivalrous champion of those he loved; he took up their cause as his own, and much more than his own; he was the friend of their friends, and the enemy of their enemies. No man ever set a higher value on this high connection, which, after all, is, under heaven, the surest solace of our poor humanity." Regarding Wemyss Reid's influence in politics and journalism, different opinions have freely been expressed. But in this volume there is no matter for controversy. It is a very bright and vivacious narrative of a busy and successful life, and from beginning to end there is no uncharitable word of anyone. To colleagues and subordinates he was ever courteous and helpful, and what they thought of him may be inferred from an incident recorded by the late Mr. L. F. Austin. "Some months ago, feeling himself under sentence of death, Sir Wemyss Reid applied his leisure to the task of completing his Memoirs. 'Here is a chapter that may interest you,' he said to me one day, producing a roll of manuscript. It did interest me very much, and when it comes to be published it will be read with no little emotion by the men who formed the regular staff of the *Speaker* under Sir Wemyss Reid's editorship. He deals with us all in turn in a spirit of the kindest remembrance and simple goodwill, and as I read those pages I felt they were his farewell to some of the men who have good reason to think of him as the staunchest of friends."

When the fog of an unnecessarily trivial beginning clears away, one begins to suspect that "The Benefactor" (Brown, Langham) is good stuff. Later—this tardiness is due to Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's reluctance to emerge from obscurity—one knows it for certain; and as the story proceeds an unusual force of characterisation emerges from the half-light. It is almost unnecessary to say that there is a Meredithian flavour about some of the spices of the story; because this appears to be inevitable in a certain school of young writers. The consolation here is that Mr. Hueffer's talent is quite virile enough to speak for itself. There are passages in the novel that are, as George Moffat, the central character, would have said "derivative"; but beneath these there is a foundation of strong originality, and "The Benefactor," based on groundwork so firmly laid, ought to stand fast enough for people to recognise its author's promise and ability. It is fresh, it is consequent, and—rare merit—it increases, chapter by chapter, in power and ironical observation, until the Benefactor, all unaware of his own ineffectual heroism, passes, in meek misunderstanding that his pain has become tragedy, out of sight. He is the victim of knaves and the sport of circumstance, a man whose artistic instinct is over-weighted by an excess of human sympathy; a genius unknown to himself; a middle-aged solitary with a child's frank interest in the busy world. His affinity, with whom he falls in love, is Clara Brede, another spirit as unconsciously heroic as himself, shining in contrast to the humbugs and rabid egotists who swing past her backwater. These two figures rank, in many ways, among the finest and most convincing that have appeared in an English novel for some years past, and we hope their creation will receive the early recognition it deserves.

"Nigel Thomson," by V. Taubman-Goldie (Heinemann), opens with a lively parade of the unthinking, well-being of the Oxford undergraduate, his conventional paganism, his golden foolishness, his inimitable disregard for the day of reckoning. If it had not laid so much emphasis on the irresponsibility of the "Varsity man's" existence, it might almost have stood for a sequel to Mr. Vachell's "The Hill," with which its

handling of a little world of men in the making has much in common. But Mr. Vachell's boys have more strenuousness about them than Nigel Thomson and his friends; and few people, we think, who settle down to this novel with the reasonable expectation of following an easy-going, commonplace review of undergraduates' flirtations and river contests will be prepared for the tragedy into which it deepens. It is, as a matter of fact, in the main a sad book, all the more painfully impressive because of the geniality of the early chapters. The plot is an old one, re-dressed and re-told with very considerable courage and earnestness. If young men were ever inclined to learn by precept, they might draw some profitable conclusions from it. That, however, is not the way of youth: what we may predict with a larger confidence is that a good many people will read it for its strong human interest, its "grip" and pathos, and its clever representation of one aspect of the Englishman's preparation for the serious business of life. We may add that the picture, photographic here and there in its accuracy, is by no means an edifying one. That, however, has nothing to do with our approval of a well-told story.

It would be difficult to praise too highly the delicate charm of "The Miracles of Our Lady Saint Mary," (Heinemann) or to overrate the pleasure it may be expected to give to those amateurs of old faiths and fancies to whom, as Miss Underhill says in her introduction, it is particularly addressed. The book reintroduces in English the Mary-legends, the cycle of old tales that fed the popular taste for fervent and pious romance between the eleventh and the fifteenth centuries, and that was freely circulated in cloister and castle and village, wherever the legend-loving folk of the Middle Ages were gathered together. Miss Underhill, who has revived many stories that have been lost to British readers since the Reformation, says that she has made full use of those editorial privileges her monkish predecessors always allowed themselves, and has paraphrased, rather than translated, from the Norman-French, Latin, or black-letter sources. The obvious pitfall, here, would be a pinchbeck imitation of mediæval phrasing and the mediæval lustiness; we confess that this reflection made us open the book with misgivings. They have been completely falsified. It is an unaffected piece of good work, very modestly and excellently done, and we doubt if any living English writer could have reconstructed these beautiful and touching prose poems with more grace and feeling than Miss Underhill has proved herself to possess. The faithful remnant in a hasty generation of readers will find in "The Miracles of Our Lady Saint Mary" a refuge from scrambling, ill-digested things, and a window opening to the quaintly fragrant garden of mediæval piety.

In Signor Emilio de' Marchi's "Demetrio Pianelli," translated by Miss Margaret Newett (J. M. Dent and Co.), we have a novel of an admirable class, to which it does signal honour. It is only of late years, indeed, that we are able to divide Italian novels into classes—they were so few. But when a class did arise, it monopolised the attention of a little-reading nation by the advertisement of meretricious beauty, mistaken for style by the multitude, because they heard critics who should have known better give it that name. Meantime, Signor Fogazzaro, with much less noise, was writing the deeper matters and the nobler language. In spirituality, in power, in beauty worthy of the name, Fogazzaro is immeasurably superior to his notorious Italian contemporaries. And when we name Signor de' Marchi with him, it is not because he resembles him very closely. He deals much more with outward things and the impression, allowing us grave glimpses, through the business of life, into the moral, spiritual, and intellectual facts beyond and within. "Demetrio Pianelli" is a story of the very small middle classes in Milan, and merely as a study of life in a minor Government office, in a farm, and in a narrow household it is full of interest. But it is also full of human character, of subtle perception, of penetration, and of feeling.

Of all the painters of all the schools we have monographs, biographies, and appreciations in a steady issue from many presses. But it is less as a painter than as a medallist that Mr. G. F. Hill has studied his famous hero. "Pisanello" (Duckworth and Co.) is a much more expert and serious essay than we are accustomed to in the usual picture-book. The author is a scholar, a specialist, and officially and by talent an authority on the beautiful art of medals, a student of its history, and a very able critic of its merits. We are inclined to pass over the notice of Pisanello the painter, and of the few pictures authentically attributed to him; nor do we complain of Mr. Hill's summarising the work of the other medallists of about the same age in a slight final chapter. But Pisanello's character as a painter illustrates his more peculiar and beautiful art as the master of medallists, and the process is well felt by the author and well traced. Mr. Hill brings us through the extraordinarily interesting and characteristic frescoes and studies to the momentous date of the first medal. Pisanello's first medal is virtually, if not actually, the first medal. Although medals were not unknown to the Romans, and although certain Greek coins bear, to some degree, the medallist character, the medallist's art was an art of the Renaissance, and, notwithstanding Rome, Greece, pieces "partaking of a medallist character" in the Middle Ages, and the great gold doubloon of Peter the Cruel (1360), Pisanello was the true father of the medal. Mr. Hill's valuable book is thoroughly well illustrated.

## ALMS FOR OBLIVION.

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,  
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion.—*Troilus and Cressida*.

FOR sins committed "in this vile body, if not in some former one, it is ordained that "while this machine is to him Hamlet" the present scribe shall entrust it daily to the latest of electrified railways. There, amid jarring commotions, when the sporting papers fail of solace, it is possible, like Jacques' fool in the forest, to wax deep contemplative, and to find abundance of poetical suggestion. Modern mechanism, even of itself and apart from the high fantasies of Mr. H. G. Wells, is a sublime poem. Have not the marine engine and its high priggish inspired Kipling to "MacAndrew's Hymn" and Brugglesmith? Has not the motor-car wrought a poetical revelation in his prose? The work of the engineer, mechanical, military, or civil, is of its kind as epic as the Tale of Troy, except when the military poet chances to be hoist with his own petard, an accidental ascent into the comic. Which reflection brings me, like Gilpin's laureate, to the middle of my song.

For it was not of the epic qualities of the new locomotion that I set out to speak, but of the lyrical and comical of a minor accessory—a machine too, locomotive within narrow limits, but likewise an obstacle to movement. At first regarded with reverence, the thing was lyrical in its suggestion. I gazed and caught myself repeating certain mystical lines—

... Watch the slow door  
That opening, letting out, lets in some more.

Stay, that surely wasn't quite what Christina Rossetti wrote? The spirit that baffled Alice's conscientious attempts at quotation in Wonderland must be abroad in this travelling Pandemonium. My tag sounds like, and indeed is, an impudent if inadvertent parody, for which let me hasten to atone in sackcloth and ashes.

But the impious twist to the verses had given a hostage to the comic spirit, which thenceforward made those insidiously gliding doors its own. All sorts of ludicrous things began to happen. Sometimes the gates were obdurate when they should have yielded; at others, midway between two halting-places, they would of their own erratic volition, it seemed, roll majestically back, suggesting strange visions of worthy citizens and their umbrellas hurled into outer darkness before their time. Then the conductor awoke to the humours of the mechanism, and in his hand the thing became a trap. Not that he intended his practical jokes, but at the moment he influences the twin doors he has so to contort his frame round an angle that he cannot well mark his perverse passengers, who will make their exits by the entrances, and *vice versa*, encouraged thereto by manifold prohibitions. Hence a dread picture in the *Sketch* (dear frivolous daughter of this house) portraying a tight worshipful citizen pinned amidships by the doors, yet still gallantly shouting, "Is this for Ealing?" "For Ealing, home and beauty," he would have said had breath sufficed, as became a Briton who perished in Trafalgar year. But these fancied tragedies apart, it was our own painful lot to see a fair nose veritably pinched in these ruthless portals. The owner thereof suffered in silence, as well-bred women will; but her escort, who wore the accepted disguise of a gentleman, harangued the guard, officially styled "motor-man," with whom polite conversation is strictly forbidden, in language that nowise contravened the company's regulation.

It was distressing; but hopeful to all who wish the British drama well. For even as Greek comedy had its first beginnings in clowns' rude bandying of words from a country waggon, so might not this scene of unpolished reviling on a car presage some great revival of the serious drama in England? It was a pleasant reflection wherewith to go forward, and one accepted as a glad omen the motor-man's only reply to his accuser: "The next station is Sloane Square."

"Ha! art for the Court, Friend?" I asked him, as I passed out (by the wrong door, of course), but he only answered with eyes that bore a century's burden in a face strangely youthful, and pointed to the board forbidding converse. Ah! I sighed—

Others abide our question, thou art free;  
We ask and ask, thou smilest and art still.

Not till I was in the street did I remember or realise that in these lines the poet was addressing the greatest of his craft. "It is either Satan or the Saxon," cried Scarlatti, when he heard Handel in a domino play the harpsichord at a masked ball. That motor-man was either Shakspeare or —, hold, I don't mean Satan, but the most promising of our younger playwrights? By Apollo! what a procession of candidates! But not another hint of identification shall you have, dear young scene-shifters, and for once you need not search in the wallet of oblivion, for you will all be there before him.

But if the new locomotion promise imaginative gain to men and women, it is a loss to children. The electric engine will never fascinate them as Puffing Billy did. For the old monster had personality. It breathed frostily, snorted, shrieked, required food and drink. It had also, in the phrase of Meredith, "a presence and a port." Even the first "Tube" electric-motor, which was visible enough, never became popular. And now everything is concealed. Yet there is no charm of mystery. We even forget that steam is still the real worker, at the power-station, in engines infinitely more magnificent than their forerunners, but tamely fettered to the ground.

J. D. SYMON.

# THE PRINCE OF WALES AT JAIPUR, THE COMMERCIAL CENTRE OF RAJPUTANA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHNSTON AND HOFFMANN AND EXCLUSIVE NEWS AGENCY



THE OLD HINDU ASTRONOMY: THE OBSERVATORY AT JAIPUR.



THE CHOWK (MARKET) AND JHONRA MAHAL.



THE INNER GATEWAY OF THE PALACE AT JAIPUR.



PICTURESQUE ARCHITECTURE IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF JAIPUR  
TEMPLES IN GALTA PASS.



THE WONDERFUL HOME OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT AT JAIPUR: THE RESIDENCY.



THE MANIK CHOWK

Jaipur, visited by the Prince of Wales on November 21-23, is the capital of the Native State of the same name. It takes its name from Maharaja Sawai Jai Singh II, who founded it in 1728. It stands in a small plain supposed to be the bed of a dried-up lake. It is remarkable for the regularity and width of its streets and for its wonderful gardens.

# THE ACCESSION OF HAAKON VII. OF NORWAY: PRINCE CHARLES OF DENMARK'S

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FORBECH, RASMUSSEN, BORGES, SZACINSKI.



1. MR. E. HAGERUP BUHL, MINISTER OF JUSTICE.

2. THE REV. CHRISTOPHER KNUDSEN, MINISTER FOR THE CHURCH AND PUBLIC EDUCATION.

3. GENERAL BRATLIN, INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF RECRUITING, MEMBER FOR CHRISTIANIA.

4. MR. H. BOTHNER, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE AUDIT DEPARTMENT.

5. MAJOR-GENERAL T. O. KLINGENBERG, CHIEF OF FIELD ARTILLERY.

6. THE QUEEN'S APARTMENT IN THE ROYAL PALACE.

7. A SCEPTRE AND ORB OF NORWAY.

8. MR. G. KNUDSEN, EX-MINISTER OF FINANCE.

9. THE KING OF NORWAY'S CROWN.

10. THE CROWN PRINCE'S CROWN.

11. THE NORWEGIAN QUEEN'S CROWN.

12. MR. S. ARCTANDER, MINISTER OF COMMERCE.

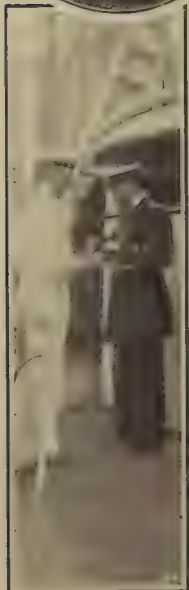
13. MR. B. VOGT, ADVOCATE OF THE SUPREME COURT.

14. THE THRONE ROOM IN THE PALACE AT CHRISTIANIA.

15. NORWEGIAN ARMY TYPES.

# REGALIA, OFFICIALS, RESIDENCES, AND SCENES IN HIS COUNTRY.

VAPRING, RENARD, SKARMOEN, AND UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD.



1. HIS EXCELLENCY MR. MICHELSEN, PRIME MINISTER.
2. MR. C. BERNER, PRESIDENT OF THE STORTING.
3. HIS EXCELLENCY MR. LÖVLAND, FOREIGN MINISTER.
4. GENERAL W. B. OLSSON, MINISTER FOR DEFENCE.
5. A SCEPTRE AND ORB OF NORWAY.
6. THE QUEEN'S BED-ROOM.

7. REAR-ADMIRAL R. BORCHSENIUS, CHIEF OF THE GENERAL STAFF OF THE NAVY.
8. OSCARSALL, THE KING'S BEAUTIFUL RESIDENCE NEAR CHRISTIANIA.
9. THE PALACE AT CHRISTIANIA.
10. THE OLD CHURCH OF GOL (12TH CENTURY), RECONSTRUCTED IN THE PARK AT OSCARSALL.

11. MAJOR-GENERAL HANSEN, CHIEF OF THE GENERAL STAFF.
12. AN OFFICER TASTING FOOD ON A NORWEGIAN MAN-OF-WAR.
13. THE QUEEN'S APARTMENTS.
14. MR. A. H. VINJE, MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.
15. MR. K. D. LEHNKJEL, MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS.

## THE MOTOR WORLD IN MICROCOSM: LATEST INVENTIONS AT THE FOURTH INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SHOW AT OLYMPIA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL PRESS.



## BRITISH CARS.

1. ROVER: 1 CYL., 8 H.P.; £120 COMPLETE.
2. THORNYCROFT 14 H.P. CHASSIS: 4 CYL.; £475.
3. NEW SIMMS CHASSIS: 26-30 H.P., 4 CYL.; £485. (SIMMS' LATEST PATENT BODY, WOODEN FRAME ENCASED WITH STAMPED STEEL.)
4. NAPIER TOURING-CAR: 40 H.P., 6 CYL.; £1380, WITH FULL TRAVELLING-EQUIPMENT. (NOTE DRESSING-CASES, ETC.)
5. MILNES-DAIMLER PRIVATE OMNIBUS: 18 H.P., 4 CYL.; £800. (SPECIALLY BUILT FOR SIR ERNEST CASSELL.)
6. SUNBEAM CAR: 16-20 H.P., 4 CYL.; £530.
7. ALBION TOURING-CAR: LACRE BODY, 24 H.P., 4 CYL.; £842 COMPLETE.
8. THE LATEST BROOKE TOURING-CAR: 15-20 H.P., 4 CYL.; £590.
9. MOTOR-CAR MANUFACTURING CO.'S LANDAULETTE: 20-25 H.P., 4 CYL.; £685.

10. THE KING'S NEW DAIMLER: 35-45 H.P., 4 CYL.; £1250 AS SHOWN.
11. NEW AKROL-JOHNSTON CHASSIS: 24-30 H.P., 4 CYL.; £600.
12. BROTHERHOOD-CROKER TOURING-CAR: 20-25 H.P., 4 CYL.; 1000 GUINEAS.
13. LACRE CHAR-À-BANC: 16 H.P., 2 CYL.; £500.
14. ARGYLL TOURING-CAR: 10-12 H.P., 2 CYL.; £380.

15. VAUXHALL CAB: 12-14 H.P., 3 CYL.; £440. (STEERING-WHEEL ON THE TOP IN FRONT OF DRIVING-SEAT.)
16. ALLDAY AND O'NEALS: 8 H.P., 1 CYL.; £180.
17. MAUDSLEY ROYAL MAIL: 12-14 H.P., 2 CYL.; £600.
18. THE FIRST ENGLISH-BUILT VANGUARD MOTOR 'BUS, FITTED WITH ENGLISH (SIMMS) ENGINE: 28-35 H.P., 4 CYL.; £875.

## FRENCH CARS AND ONE AMERICAN.

19. DELAUNEY-BELLEVILLE: 16 H.P., 4 CYL.; £820.
20. DE DIETRICH LANDAULETTE: 16 H.P., 4 CYL.; £887.
21. PANHARD TOURING-CAR: 24 H.P., 4 CYL.; £1200.
22. CHENARD-WALCHER TOURING-CAR: 16-20 H.P., 4 CYL.; £485.
23. THE LATEST RENAULT TOURING-CAR: 14-20 H.P., 4 CYL.; £780.

24. LÉON BOLLÉE TOURING-CAR: 24-28 H.P., 4 CYL.; £1000.
25. LÉON-BOLLÉE CHASSIS, 40-50 H.P.: 4 CYL.; £1200. (1906 MODEL.)
26. CLÉMENT: 10 H.P., 2 CYL.; £310.
27. CADILLAC BROUGHAM (AMERICAN): 8-10 H.P., 1 CYL.; 380 GUINEAS.
28. DE DION CHAR-À-BANC: 24-30 H.P., 4 CYL.; £900.
29. OLYMPIA MOTOR SHOW AT DUSK, SHOWING ILLUMINATIONS ON STANDS.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWN, WITH THE RUINS OF THE FIRE.



CENTRAL PART OF THE BURNT QUARTER.



ONLY WALLS LEFT: BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE BURNT QUARTER.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE BURNT QUARTER.

*These photographs from Shusha, a town of over thirty thousand inhabitants, situated at an elevation of 5000 feet in the Caucasus, give a good idea of the state of anarchy prevailing in Russia. Shusha has been the scene of racial conflicts, chiefly between the Tartars and the Armenians. Large portions of the town have been entirely destroyed by fire.*

A FORBIDDEN SYMBOL REAPPEARS IN POLAND: THE WHITE EAGLE IN THE STREETS OF WARSAW.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KUIEWSKI.



A REVOLUTIONARY PROCESSION UNDER THE WHITE EAGLE OF POLAND ON NOVEMBER 5.

*It would be difficult to find a better proof of the strength of the revolutionary movement which has followed the Tsar's Manifesto than this procession in the streets of Warsaw. The manifestants carried open, the forbidden national symbol of the White Eagle, which since Poland passed under the Russian power has been under the strictest ban. Even to wear a brooch with this device meant arrest until a few days ago; but in the recent demonstrations the eagle appeared unchallenged even on banners. There was no military or police interference, although Cossack, infantry, and artillery were massed in some of the squares. As the procession moved by with national songs and occasional hits before patriotic monuments, the guards are said to have been moved to tears. Half-a-million people took part in the demonstration. The promise of a Constitution for Russia has revived in Poland the hope of national independence.*

## BIRDS AS FISHERMEN: FISHING CORMORANTS AT HOME AND AT THE HIPPODROME

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL-GRAY AND L. G. C. N. S. G. 1903.



THE CHINESE METHOD OF FISHING WITH CORMORANTS.



CORMORANTS GOING OUT TO FISH: AN EXPERIMENT AT TEDDINGTON.

THE Chinese and Japanese device of fishing with cormorants used to be practised regularly in England, and the Royal Household had once among its officials a Master of the Cormorants. Just now, however, this sport has been revived at the Hippodrome. A Chinese settlement has been built up round the water in the arena, and a Chinaman enters on a jukpai, or long flat raft, which he propels with a bamboo pole.



TAKING THE BIRD OUT OF THE WATER AFTER IT HAS SWALLOWED THE FISH.

UPON the raft sit the fishing cormorants, each with a thin band of cord round its neck, so as to prevent the birds from swallowing the fish they catch. At an order from their master the birds dive from the raft, and in a few seconds reappear with fish in their bills. Their necks are then pinched in a peculiar manner and the cormorants let go the fish and drop them into a basket. The cormorant makes by far the best play with eels.



MAKING THE BIRD DISGORGE BY PINCHING ITS THROAT.



AN EXPERIENCED FISHERMAN: HIKOMARU, TEN YEARS OLD.



FITTING THE CORD-RING THAT PREVENTS THE BIRD FROM SWALLOWING.

# THE TRIUMPH OF THE MOTOR OMNIBUS.

The motor-omnibus has come to stay. There is no doubt about it. The motor-'bus has the same attraction for the masses as the motor-car for the classes. If anyone questions the reliability of this statement, let him take his stand at any of the recognised stopping-places along the routes used by the London Motor Omnibus Company, Limited, or the London and District Motor Omnibus Company, Limited, and see for himself the crowds waiting ready to swoop down upon the vehicles the moment they stop, though already people know by experience that there is far more difficulty in getting a place in a motor-omnibus than there is in one drawn by horses. The former, of course, are far less numerous than the latter, but the desire to use them is greater. This desire is readily understood when one reflects for a moment that not only are the horseless vehicles larger, roomier, better equipped, better ventilated, and better lighted, so that they are far more comfortable than the older, rumbling carriages; but they are twice as fast, for, while the horse-omnibus travels at the rate of six miles an hour, the motor-'bus goes at the rate of twelve miles an hour. In addition to these palpable advantages, it runs much more easily than the old-fashioned 'buses, and it is steered with such accuracy that it is far less liable to accidents from collision. Another advantage possessed over the horse-drawn 'bus is that, while the latter covers sixty-five to seventy miles a day, the former runs a hundred and thirty, or practically double the distance; so that, if necessary, it can cover the same ground twice as often as the horse-car, and, as it works with a lower ratio of expenses, it can afford to charge even cheaper fares and still make a larger profit.

Great as these obvious advantages are to the public, they would be dearly bought did they mean an increase in the working hours of the employes. As a matter of fact, the advantage to the public is shared in almost the same proportion by the employes of the companies named, for while the drivers and conductors of the horse-omnibuses have really to work from fourteen to sixteen hours a day, their brethren of the horseless carriages work only between nine and ten hours a day and receive rather better pay. It is not wonderful, therefore, that the men should be anxious to exchange for what is, from every point of view, the better and more efficient service, and as

experience has proved that the horse-'bus driver makes the best chauffeur, the public is spared that inevitable sympathetic and regretful pang which it would doubtless feel if the new order meant the superseding of one of its cheeriest and most trusted sets of servants.

One of the most striking facts in connection with the motor-omnibus traffic is the headway it has made, for it is less than eight months since the London Motor Omnibus Company's appropriately named

St. Leonards Omnibus Company. The experience of the latter, based on three and a half years' working, justifies the belief that the machinery will last ten years; but as the London Motor Omnibus Company is prepared to renew its chassis in three years or even less, and has made a contract to secure practically the whole output for early delivery of the best chassis-makers on the Continent—the public which travels by omnibus may regard the future with complacency and with the assurance that the present prospects will be exceeded; so that we are practically within measurable distance of the time when the whole of the great omnibus traffic of London will be carried on without horses, and much inevitable suffering will be spared the animals which slide and stumble and fall along the greasy, slippery streets in winter, and run the risk of sunstroke during the dog-days.

And what that traffic is, probably few people have any idea. It represents a grand total of about six hundred million people every year, and is still growing steadily. Nowhere has the triumph of the motor omnibus been more vividly shown than in the fact that a Vanguard has been run by the London Motor Omnibus Company from Brighton to London for the past three months. The service is conducted with the regularity of the railways; the 'buses run seven days in the week without ever missing a journey, and have thus already covered a distance of ten thousand miles.

Although it started its operations much later than the London Motor Omnibus Company, the results obtained by the London and District Motor 'Bus Company, which owns the Arrow 'buses so well known to those who travel from Charing Cross to Putney, have been no less satisfactory. Allied with these, preparations are being made by the Motor 'Bus Company for placing its omnibuses on the road; and when they are all working regularly and steadily, as they will be in the course of the next few weeks, and as more and more 'buses are put on the various routes, the difficult question of cheap and rapid locomotion will practically be solved, and London will in that respect, as in so many others, take her old place as an example for the other great cities of the world to emulate, though they will not be able to "better the instruction."

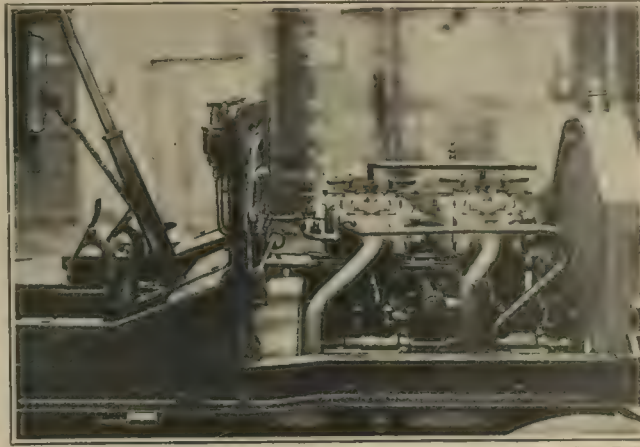


Photo. Telford.

FORE-PART OF A "VANGUARD" 'BUS WITH ENGINE EXPOSED.

"Vanguards" began working. A start was made with only three 'buses, and now there are forty-six, a number which will be steadily increased, until by the end of next year there will be three hundred and fifty on the routes which the companies work. During their existence the "Vanguards" have run, in round figures, half a million miles, and carried about five million passengers. This remarkable result has been obtained by the strength and efficiency of the chassis, as the working part of the machinery is called. These are made by the Milnes-Daimler Company, which also supplies the chassis of the Hastings and



Photo. Argent Archer.

A "VANGUARD" 'BUS STARTING ON ITS DAILY RUN TO BRIGHTON AND BACK.

## ART NOTES.

Members of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours have seldom pulled so well together for the general good of their exhibition as in that which is now open—the forty-fourth. Water-colour painting in modern England offends not a little against its own splendid traditions through the ignorant and unskillful labours of many of its votaries; but the Royal Society has reached a very satisfactory level of accomplishment. And although the spirited drawing is rare, and that of genius not fairly to be counted upon, the average of achievement is so high that the collection may be said to come from the professors' study rather than from the students' hall.

This, then—let us flatter ourselves—is the representative painting in water-colours of the day. The merits are many, and they are welcome too, albeit these very merits are such as show how vain it would be to cry out for the towering standards set by Turner or those elegant peaks of achievement reached by Harnpignies. Very interesting are the lines of division between works in water-colours and works in "oils"; and it is not strange, therefore, that the talent of the time never seems to be shared equally by the two camps of workers in these two mediums. A year of particular poverty at Burlington House may be looked to be balanced by one of exceptional richness at the galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colour. And these are the years when the slighter medium has not been used merely as a recreation by those whose work on canvas is the business of their lives. The true water-colourist thinks no less of his pictures on paper.

Indeed, some artists are born to cover no other surface; and, admirers as we are of his oil-paintings, we venture to place J. M. Swan as of this number. His whole instinct is for water-colour; by no other

method can his fine power of draughtsmanship be communicated. His tigers best know fierceness, his lions strength, his leopards stealth, in this medium. His drawing of two Polar bears adrift on the hopelessly drifting spars of a wreck is extremely fine, and its completeness seems to belie the note in the

time to be concerned with the portraiture of man when he so excels in that of beast.

Mr. Anning Bell's "The Sleeping Beauty" fills the place of honour on the first wall—and deserves it. He fills the place of honour well because he fills the places of his composition well—a merit rare enough. Nor does Mr. Anning Bell sacrifice the beauty and romance of his effect because he favours, in face of the Burne-Jones tendencies of the day, a robust type of model: for him the milkmaid dressed in mediæval silks is as useful a decorative studio-property as the young woman of no hips and long fingers.

Full of the cleverness that is now associated with his name are Mr. Arthur Rackham's contributions. We think that St. Mark's and its domes might have been a proscribed theme for this devotee of gnome-land, but even he has worshipped at Venice's shrine, with results that are now shown. Of the drawings of his fancy the most important is, perhaps, "The Bastinado," wherein the horrors of the punishment are quite lost in the ludicrous. Like the thwackings that occur in "The Shaving of Shagpat," the scene is not supposed to make humanitarians of us; nor need we allow ourselves to resent the heartlessness, or perhaps lightheartedness, that goes to the making of such a travesty of suffering. But, as we say, Mr. Rackham is of gnome-land, and the inhabitants thereof must not be counted upon to form societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Grand Viziers—if that

be the rank of the turbaned old gentleman who vainly struggles against the bastinado in Pall Mall. All the same, we avow that we prefer such drawings as that delightful "Sketch in the Champs Elysées" or the fabulous "Battle between the Creatures of the Air and the Earth" from the same hand.

W. M.

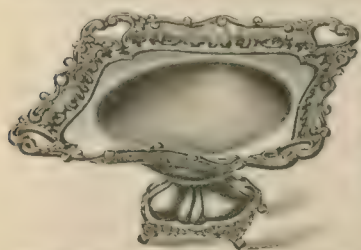


Photo. Vaerlings.

## THE HOME OF THE NEW KING OF NORWAY: THE VIEW FROM OSCARSHALL.

The Chateau of Oscarshall, near Christiania, was built in 1899 for King Oscar I. It is in the English Gothic style, and is decorated with paintings by Norwegian artists. It is chiefly famous for its view.

catalogue to the effect that it is a "study for a picture." That Mr. Swan should not realise that this drawing is complete, and the art that produces it complete also, shows that he himself is inadequate in the appreciation of his own work. Certainly it is a lack of the critical faculty on the part of this generation of critics which allows him from time to



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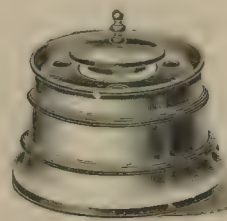
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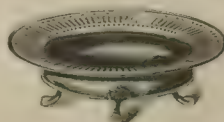
"Prince's Plate" Tray, Silver-Mounted, Cut Glass Bottles,  
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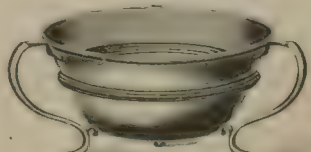
Silver Desk Blotter, £1 10s.



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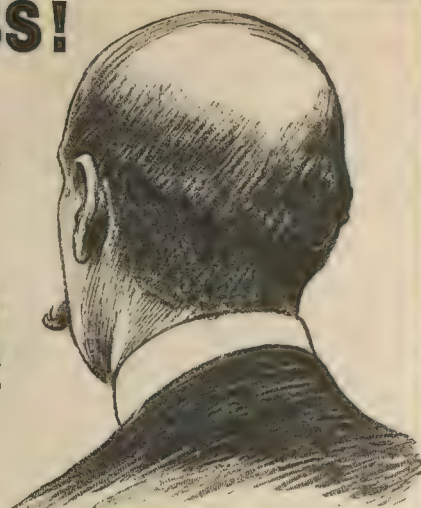
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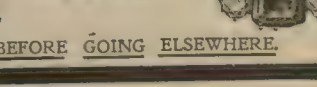
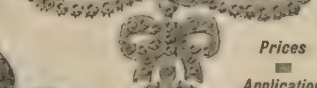
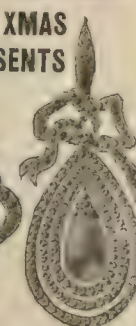
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## MUSIC.

In the history of Covent Garden there are many records of singers whose work has established in Continental opera-houses a reputation which London has been unable to confirm. This fact is the more curious because Continental audiences are nothing if not critical, and the smallest lapse from grace that would, even if recognised, be passed over in silence here, will bring the singer in any other great European opera-house into a disfavour that his patrons are at no pains to conceal. Men, and women too, have been hissed off the stage and not allowed to reappear, because they have failed to do justice to some difficult passage; and yet many who have succeeded abroad have failed here. When Signor Battistini appeared in "Rigoletto" there could have been very few in the house who remembered his first visit to London, and not many who had heard of the great triumphs he has secured during the past few years in Italy, Russia, and other countries in which opera is held in even higher esteem than it is here. The house was inclined to be listless, one might almost say uninterested. In the first moments of his appearance the great baritone was nervous, and yet, by the end of the third act, he had the audience at his feet demanding an encore that even Signor Mugnone, sternest of disciplinarians, had not the heart to refuse. Signor Battistini's Rigoletto marked him as an artist of the very first class, a singer and an actor who recalls memories of Victor Maurel at his best. His voice is of singularly pure quality, so admirably produced that the comparative weakness of the middle notes is almost hidden. He can linger upon a phrase in the fashion of which Caruso is master, and his acting lifts even the hackneyed version of "Le Roi s'Amuse" into the domain of real tragedy. We have

not been so moved by the jester's misfortunes for many a long day, and it is worthy of remark that, perhaps in honour of the new-comer, the opera was restored to its proper state and was not brought to the abrupt conclusion that has been too long the

Mozart's masterpiece, we shall have the opportunity of writing next week. This is only the second season of autumn opera, and it has served to introduce to us singers like Sammarco, Zenatello, and Battistini, and conductors like Mugnone and Campanini, who would make any opera season remarkable.

The concert given at the Opera-house on Sunday night last, for the benefit of the sufferers by the great earthquake in Calabria, could hardly have been more successful. The theatre was crowded; the performance was worthy the occasion, and immense enthusiasm dominated the proceedings from start to finish. Madame Melba, who organised the concert, was but one of many stars. Orchestra and chorus contributed their services to the good cause, and little Mischa Elman created a sensation by his wonderful violin playing. Visitors, orchestra, and chorus united in the demand for an encore.

Concerts during the past week have been as plentiful as fallen leaves, and have been marked by many fine achievements. Much regret is expressed that Madame Yvette Guilbert gave no more than two recitals at the Bechstein Hall. On neither occasion could the beautiful concert-house accommodate all who wished to hear the most distinguished *diseuse* of the day. At the Queen's Hall, Kreisler demonstrated his complete mastery of Mozart's musical intentions on Saturday last, and the occasion was made specially interesting by the remarkable performance of

the "Eroica Symphony," given by Mr. Henry Wood's orchestra.

"Some Scenes from Old London" is the title of a dainty booklet by Mr. Austin Brereton, who describes Northumberland House and the York Water-Gate. The brochure will be sent post free on application to the Manager of the Hotel Victoria.



THE KING'S BIRTHDAY AT GIBRALTAR: THE FLEET SALUTING.

*This year's King's birthday celebrations at Gibraltar were marked by an innovation, the garrison parade being held on the Breakwater Road instead of on the North Front. At noon the Atlantic Fleet, the American cruiser "Minneapolis," and the Algerian fleet paid tribute, much to be answered by the land-battery, and a feu-de-jote from the troops.*

fashion at Covent Garden. Gilda's dying music was given; and even if we are astonished to find that a woman suffering from a mortal wound is able to find her high notes with such felicity, the change is for the better. Signor Battistini will probably be heard again in the spring. Of his work as Valentine in "Faust" and as Don Giovanni in



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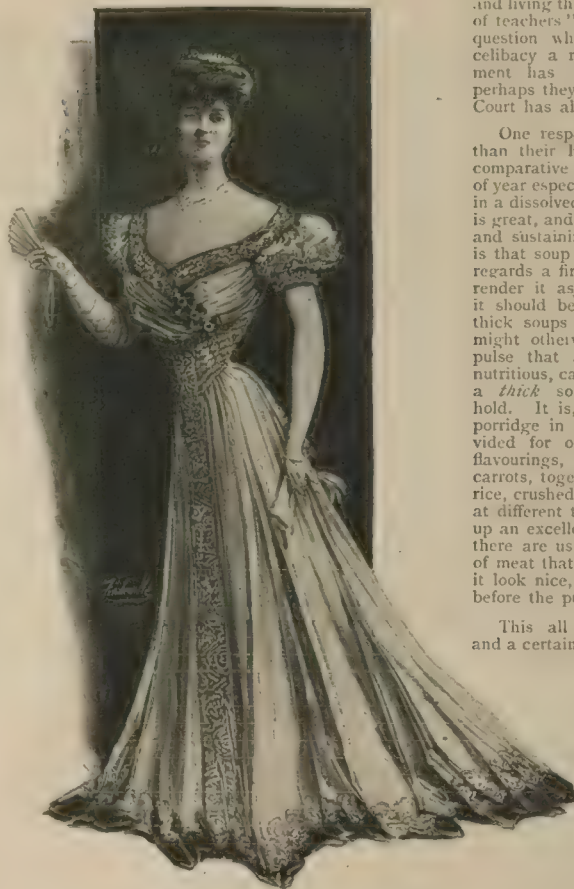
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# LEMCO

## LADIES' PAGES.

The London County Council has been solemnly spending the time of the men of business who sit upon it in a discussion whether some female officials in its employ as school-work-teachers, who receive the exceedingly modest wage of fifteen shillings a week, shall or shall not be still allowed to participate to this extent in the public expenditure after they may get married. It seems that the sweepers and charwomen of the Council are all obliged to be single, and resign on marrying. It was incidentally mentioned in the course of the debate that, so far, the Council has not ordered a similar result to follow marriage as regards the women teachers in its schools. It was a question that was perpetually coming up before the London School Board, and it was one on which, fortunately, practically all of the lady members were of one mind—to wit, that no disability in regard to a professional life ought to be inflicted on a woman by her marriage. The gentlemen on the Board always gave way to the strong and almost united protest of the lady members on this point. Now that there are no lady members, the only reason that the County Council has for its refusal against thus penalising marriage for its teachers is that "there is still too great a scarcity of certificated teachers to spare the married ones"! Apparently, therefore, if there were an abundant supply of certificated teachers, being married would be counted as a disqualification for employment.

The New York Court of Appeals has just decided, in a case brought against the Brooklyn School Board by a teacher who had been deprived of her appointment because of her marrying, that such a by-law is outside the Board's powers, and also is in its nature illegal, and must not be enforced. It is "in restraint of marriage," which is held to be against public policy. The restriction of the teaching profession to celibate women, too, must deprive the schools very largely of experienced teachers—for many of the young women who state to marry just about as soon as they become well-practised in their work—and also of some of the most naturally qualified women. Even motherhood is an extra indication of fitness, surely, if looked at deeply, for the teaching and training of children in school: there is an added tenderness for and comprehension of all children in the soul of the mother. Nor will really capable girls enter on the teaching profession if they are made to fear that in order to make it their life-work they will be required practically to take full monastic vows. The poverty they will surely have, for the majority of women teachers earn a mere pittance; obedience is also assuredly their portion, for rules and regulations, inspectors and managers, make that an indispensable virtue for every teacher; now if you are going to add unto these the third requirement of the monastic life and if you tell girls that, no matter how thoroughly they qualify themselves for their profession and how brilliantly



A CHIFFON DINNER-DRESS.

The delicate fabric is fully pleated into the waist-line, and the figure is followed by many lines of gangings. Embroidered gauze and black velvet form the trimmings.

successful in it they prove practically, they shall be compelled to choose between giving it up at an early date and living the normal human life in private, the "scarcity of teachers" will continue and increase, I take it. The question whether a public body can legally make celibacy a requirement for holding a public appointment has never been brought before our Courts: perhaps they would decide it as the New York Appeal Court has already done.

One respect in which English people are less wise than their French neighbours in the cuisine is in the comparative neglect of soup in our diet. At this time of year especially, the value of a hot fluid food containing in a dissolved form many of the elements of nourishment is great, and soup properly prepared is at once agreeable and sustaining. The idea of the ordinary English cook is that soup is a very troublesome thing to prepare. As regards a first-rate clear *consommé* this is true, for to render it as bright in appearance and as strong as it should be implies both cost and trouble. But in thick soups every scrap of meat and vegetables that might otherwise be simply wasted, and all kinds of pulse that are very inexpensive and yet wonderfully nutritious, can be used. A French "potage" is really a thick soup, as eaten by the bourgeois household. It is, indeed, only a little less substantial than porridge in consistence, where a family has to be provided for on modest outlay. Spices and vegetable flavourings, plenty of onions in particular, celery and carrots, together with peas, previously soaked haricots, rice, crushed-up tapioca or potatoes, one or more used at different times, so as to thicken the whole well, make up an excellent "potage" without any meat at all; but there are usually available some bones and fragments of meat that can be well added to the stock. To make it look nice, the vegetables should be rubbed to a mash before the pulse or dried grain is added.

This all presupposes, however, considerable time and a certain degree of trouble; and where there is but little time available for cooking I can confidently and personally recommend, instead of all this trouble, the employment of the ready-prepared and flavoured "Maggi Cross-Star" Soups. Many a time, when busy over literary work, and disinclined to stop long enough for a proper lunch, have I had served to me as my entire lunch on a tray at the corner of my writing-table, a "Maggi," with perhaps an egg beaten up or cheese sprinkled in it, according to the directions on the particular soup chosen; and found it, with a slice of brown bread, abundant and delicious for the meal. They are so simply prepared. One buys them in packets, dry, not tinned and "dodged up" at all; the packet costs twopence-halfpenny, and

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### CONTENTS OF No. 1 (November). SUPPLEMENTAL PLATES.

1. Reproduction in Photogravure of Jordaens' painting, "The Triumph of Christ."
2. Tinted reproduction of Jordaens' painting, "Christ Among the Doctors."
3. Reproduction in Colours of the oil-painting, "De Tabley Hall," by Richard Wilson, R.A.
4. Tinted reproduction of the Landscape by Richard Wilson, R.A., entitled "Lake Nemi."
5. Reproduction in Colours of a Sicilian Brocade of the Twelfth Century.
6. Reproduction in Colours of a Peruvian Pottery Vessel.
- 7 and 8. Two reproductions in Colours of Sketches by Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.

### ARTICLES.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ART OF JAKOB JORDAENS. By Professor MAX ROOSSEN.  
THE GREAT FORERUNNER OF MODERN SCULPTURE: DONATELLO. By LAURENCE HOFMAN.  
THE LANDSCAPE-PAINTERS OF ENGLAND. RICHARD WILSON, R.A. By SIR JAMES D. LINTON, R.I.  
SICILIAN WOVEN FABRICS OF THE TWELFTH AND THIRTEENTH CENTURIES. By A. I. KENDRICK.  
PERUVIAN POTTERY, WITH DESIGNS REPRESENTING SCENES FROM LIFE AND MYTHOLOGICAL LORE. By DR. MAX SCHMIDT.  
VANDALISM IN INDIA: LETTER CONCERNING THE PRESERVATION OF OBJECTS OF INTEREST. By GEORGE CHIL.  
GAINSBOROUGH'S DRAWINGS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM. By LORD RONALD SCHERRERLAND GOWER.  
SOME OLD ENGLISH BRACKET AND LONG-CASE CLOCKS. By F. J. BUTLER.  
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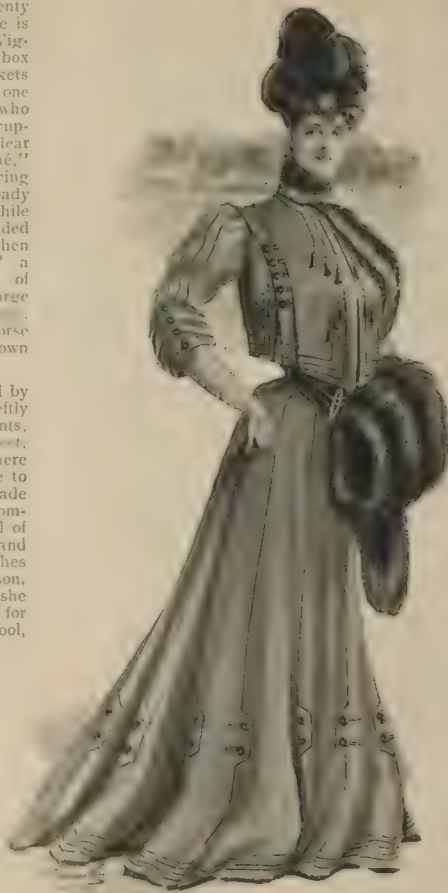


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without any addition but water (or milk is very nice instead, as the "stock") makes a pint of excellent potage after a short and very gentle boil. There are twenty varieties, and the best way to sample their excellence is to send to the wholesale house, Messrs. Cosenza, 95, Wigmore Street, London, W., for a sample half-crown box (post free 2s. 10d.) when you will obtain a dozen packets of six different kinds of soup. The series "E" is the one I would like my readers to try first. Any housewife who has once tried them is little likely to let the store-cup-board be without them in future. An excellent clear soup or broth is produced by "Maggi Consommé," which is sold enclosed in gelatine tubes, each sufficing to make three-quarters of a pint of clear soup, already well coloured and flavoured, for ordinary use; while a glass of sherry and a few Julienne shreds added make this excellent soup for a dinner-party. Then Messrs. Cosenza also supply "Maggi Essence," a most meaty flavouring essence, a few drops of which bring up the flavour of any dish. Most large stores and delicatessen shops stock the Maggi. Messrs. Cosenza will always send by post. To quote and endorse the *Lancet*, "These soup-tablets only need to be known to be appreciated."

While the normal complexion is sure to be suited by the cleansing treatment and by electricity so deftly applied by Mrs. Pomeroy and her trained assistants, whether at the London premises, at 29, Old Bond Street, or at Mrs. Pomeroy's provincial establishments, there are also many cases in which a little special advice to the individual is invaluable. Mrs. Pomeroy has made a close study of the defects and blemishes of the complexion, and is particularly clever about the removal of those humiliating disfigurements, superfluous hairs; and ladies living in the towns where she has opened branches are now to have an opportunity to consult her in person. She has just started on a tour of the towns in which she has established her business, and will be available for personal consultation at Glasgow, Edinburgh, Liverpool, Manchester, Dublin, and Birmingham during the next few weeks.

There is a great fancy for wearing considerable decoration in the hair in the country, in fact, as one glances round the stalls at a smart theatre or the dining-room of a fashionable restaurant, nearly every head presents itself as more or less adorned. Sometimes it is much more so than good taste dictates, for huge black wings seen from behind have a bat-like prominence, and upstanding ornaments easily pass into the grotesque. But, used with good taste, some ornament in the hair is usually becoming, and sets off the whole effect. A wreath of flowers is pretty on a young enough head—and what that means is not to be expressed in terms of years merely. The fashion is for tightly clustered and close-sitting garlands. Little Banksia roses, for example, are seen in wreaths, wide at the centre and narrowing to the end of the



A PRETTY CLOTH COSTUME.

Red cloth of this texture is decorated with lines of braid, tassels, and buttons in black, and finished with a black satin waistbelt.

garland just behind the ears, but the flowers are all along this shape as tightly clustered together as possible, short of destroying their form. Again, pink rose petals were seen interspersed with dark green leaves, all lying flat; or in a third pretty garland there were flat monthly roses, wide open, some pink, some shading from red to purple tones, with a fringe to fall back on the hair behind of tiny green buds, no leaves at all visible. These are samples of the modes for wearers still young. But for more stately heads, the wreath sometimes seems to become almost a toque. One mode at the Garrick Theatre had a really distinguished appearance; there was a bandeau in Stuart shape of gold tissue, partially overlaid with open golden roses in a filmy fabric, sprinkled with diamanté, culminating at the back of the ears in two very large similar blossoms, and at the left side of the front having an upright osprey fixed on to the bandeau with a large diamond swallow. More graceful was another wreath, wholly of leaves, in shaded green transparent material iridescent with silver threads and edged with diamanté sparkling like dewdrops; loops of palest green velvet ribbon spangled with paste hung down on to the left shoulder.

Amongst the clever ideas of this year must be counted the new capes, which are cut so as to simulate a sleeve, while really they are quite free from such an obstruction to easy slipping on and off. These are done well in some of the richer furs. The fullness is so arranged to spring from the shoulder, just where the arm naturally bends, so that it has all the appearance and eke the warmth of being surrounded by the cloak as by a sleeve, when the hand is raised to carry the purse-bag, the parasol, or a theatre-ticket just received from the agent's counter; and yet there is no trouble in slipping on the garment or in throwing it off on entering a warm drawing-room; nor does any fanciful arrangement in the way of the sleeve in the gown meet with interference or injury as by an armhole in a coat not shaped to accord. These advantages of a cape are so well known to us all that there is always a certain vogue for such desirable and comfortable wraps; so though coats of all lengths are worn, there are still many capes to be had at choice, especially in furs; and those just described are the newest idea.

During her recent drives the Queen has been wearing a lovely sable cape with lines of Irish point lace let in. An exquisite chinchilla cape, too, has long stole ends, and round the shoulders is wholly of the fur. Then come two lines a few inches deep of Irish crochet interspersed with other bands some three times as deep of chinchilla; the whole ended at a comfortable length below the waist with a graduated flouncing of the lace, quite deep at the back. This cape is cut as above described, with a sleeve effect. Alack for the poor in the presence of such glories! The price of such a sable cape would be at least five hundred pounds, and the chinchilla one just described was one hundred and forty pounds.

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## PICTURES IN NEEDLEWORK.

A unique and most beautiful display of pictures done by the needle, all genuine antiques, is now being shown by Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. The collection is so rare and fine that it would be considered well worth while by persons of taste to pay a shilling to see it at an Art Gallery; but it is, of course, open free. The fine art of the needle is in these antique specimens seen to be as finished and really artistic as that of the painter. At the same time these needle-pictures have a quaint charm that is all their own. Messrs. Debenham and Freebody have on show pieces of all sizes, from altar frontals of superb silk and bullion worked on satin, down to tiny bits, but all of rich colour and fine working, made up in forms suitable for Christmas presents, and at an inexpensive price. A small picture in a leather basket, for example, is a charming and commendable gift. There are cushion covers, and many useful articles. Some of the pictures (which are in various ways, in antique frames) are painted in by the needle, while others are painted in by the hand, in some cases the most exquisite. One of the most interesting being one of a number of pictures showing the Jacobean style of floral effects, is a pair of panels on Mortlake cloth, one done to the order of King Charles II. when Prince of Wales, and the other a third piece is in the collection. The size of these pictures is in Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's show-room is 11 ft. high by 14 ft. 10 in. In the other part of the show-room is a terrace with five Corinthian columns supporting a trolley, on which grows a vine, while four vases stand below. These alone are worth a visit to the display. In addition to this needlework special exhibition, Messrs. Debenham and Freebody are showing a large collection of laces, besides the ordinary stock of fancy goods and all that appertains to ladies' use in personal wear and the household.

## A CHILDREN'S DELIGHT.

Messrs. Peter Robinson, Oxford Circus, have turned their lower show-room for the present season into a perfect palace of delight for young people. Toys of every description are here, and at prices that will suit at Christmas time the pockets of even aunties of the most modest means, or of mammas and papas in their gift-

robe is contained in "practical" chests of drawers or trunks, and can be put off and on to the heart's content of the little owner. Doll's houses are completely furnished, and there are cooking-stoves in which first lessons in the useful culinary art can be really undertaken. Then the small brothers are not overlooked by any means. The martial spirit can be cultivated in an ancient suit of armour or in a modern Life Guardsman's breast-plate and helmet; swords, drums and trumpets, and regiments of soldiers to command are all forthcoming. A mechanical turn is met with a railway-train, or a box of tools, or a chest of chemical experiments. Animals of different sizes are a joy to many children, and here they are, from a small bunny up to a fine big donkey on wheels, on which a child can be drawn about. The fancy department is also replete with every sort of novelty, some of the pretty and useful articles in which are wonderfully cheap. Many girls, again, would prefer their present to be chosen upstairs at Messrs. Peter Robinson's; laces, ties, and collars of every description, blouses, belts, gloves, and such useful and delightful presents, will fill with joy the young maiden who has left toys behind her in the nursery.



A PICTURE IN NEEDLEWORK (STUART PERIOD), AT MESSRS. DEBENHAM AND FREEBODY'S EXHIBITION.

choosing for a large family; or the stock can equally meet the wishes of the well-endowed and most generous giver. The mechanical toys may appeal to the last-mentioned; they are delightfully varied and quaint, some exquisitely finished and costly, others designed merely to raise mirth. There is a veritable population of dolls, and little Madame has her retinue all ready, trim servant-maids and nurses, and carriage and coachman complete, while her more or less extensive ward-

robes are being offered by the United Kingdom Tea Company, Limited, Empire Warehouses, London, E.C. The new designs are of a most attractive character, and cannot fail to be greatly appreciated. We are informed that large quantities of teas in packets are supplied by the company each year for charitable distribution, and there is certainly much to be said in favour of this growing custom.

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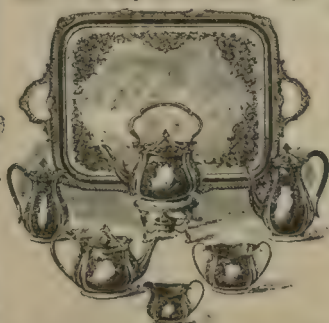
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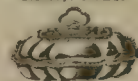


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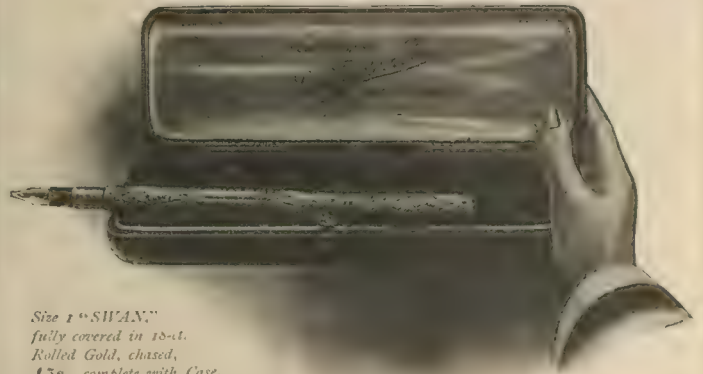
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THE CITY OF THE CONFERENCE.

From Gibraltar a little steam-boat runs at frequent intervals throughout the day to the city chosen for the Conference that is to decide the fate of Morocco. Algeciras, the Spanish to the finger-tips. When the steamer comes to rest by the quay, fierce-looking gentlemen of the *Guardia Civil* arrest the baggage of every traveller, and, if they are in angry mood, will give it a more severe handling than the little steamer inflicts upon the rightful owner in the roughest weather. But if nothing contraband be found, and you have offered the soft word and the bad cigarette that turn away every Spanish official's wrath, you will be made free of Algeciras, as pleasant a city as ever tempted man to idleness and woman to mischief throughout the realms of his Most Catholic Majesty. It is built on a hillside, and presents a fascinating medley of white walls and red roofs, with a riot of greenery throughout the year, shining from out of places of mediæval darkness, and refusing to be put out of countenance by twentieth-century electric-light. You may watch countless pretty women in whose veins Moorish and Spanish blood is mingled, and crowds of boisterous men, who never did an honest day's work in their lives, and have no intention of undertaking one while the sun shines, rags hold together, and a meal of sorts can be begged, borrowed, or stolen. From the quay stretch dust-strewn roads, with patches of mimosa, castor-oil plant, and eucalyptus, and growths of dry, green grass, that no water seems to nourish and no drought to kill. Up on the hillside are tortuous narrow streets, ill-paved and cobbled, and filled with the indefinable odour that would tell a blind-folded traveller that he was in Spain. Streets and people wear an air of contented poverty. On the Plaza by the church, pepper-trees, male and female after their kind, join with a few oranges in providing shade, and o' nights quite a gay crowd of soldier-men pursues the Spanish girls, who wear their clothes with the indefinable charm that seems to be their birthright.

and add to natural Spanish grace the yet more subtle quality of fascination that reminds us how Algeciras was once known as the "Green Island" and belonged to the Moors. There are a couple of statues on the Plaza, and they have probably seen more criticism than any two statues in the world. Perhaps one of the objections that the Moorish Government raises to the

Algceiras is comparatively modern, and there is little in the present city that is more than one hundred and fifty years old; but the houses, with low balconies and windows defended by grilles, that suggest a prison, recall a very painful period in Spanish history. Down by the water-port, where there are two big modern hotels, exceedingly comfortable, but not intended for

people whose means are small, the railway starts to Bobadilla, by way of Ronda, and the train has a pleasant habit of leaving twice a day. In the evening it makes a short journey, and stops short of the much-desired haven of Bobadilla, where one may join other systems and travel more or less at ease throughout Spain. In the morning, when the train is fresh and prepared to do great things, it leaves at five o'clock, apparently in order that the Spaniards, and even those who labour under the disadvantage of being citizens of another country, may understand and practise the virtues of early rising.

It is safe to say that when the Envoys of the great Powers proceed to Algeciras they will have to play second fiddle to the train. After all, an Envoy is but a man, and he is going to discuss all sorts of things that have very little interest to the little Spanish city; but an engine, on the other hand, is something that may not be regarded lightly. It travels into the unknown, even beyond the cork-woods of Almoraima, where Algeciras sometimes goes picnicking; beyond Ronda, whither a few adventurous spirits have ventured, and a few deservedly honoured men have living relatives. It goes right away to a junction where there are other trains, and it may be supposed to mingle with them on terms of equality: so to see the train depart at five more the Envoys altogether.

the city which turns out to see the train depart at five o'clock will probably ignore the Envoys altogether.

From Algeiras you can touch Morocco at two points, Tangier and Ceuta, and this fact fills the little Spanish city with proper pride, because Ceuta, for all that it stands on the Moorish mainland, is a Spanish penal settlement, and numbers its Spanish convicts by the



THE CITY'S GIFT TO THE KING OF THE HELLENES.

*On the casket the City's greeting to King George is expressed by the figure of Britannia holding forth her sceptre in token of welcome, a classic figure beside her recalling the ancient days of Greece. The arms of the Kingdom of Greece are shown in front, in the centre of the box, in an appropriate punology as adopted by that kingdom, all in enamel colours. The date, 1905, is also shown above the cornice of the box. The casket was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, 112, Regent Street, London, W.*

place of conference is founded upon the recollection of the times when the "Green Island" flew the Moorish flag. Algeciras has many bitter-sweet memories for the Moor, and among the keys of Andalusian palaces still treasured by True Believers, there are doubtless many that would have fitted certain stately mansions in the "Green Island" that have long been dismantled.

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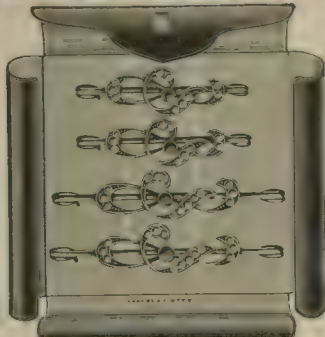
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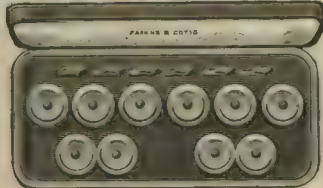
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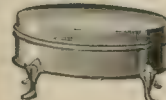
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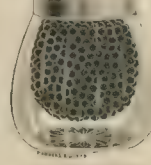


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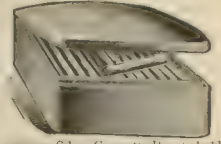
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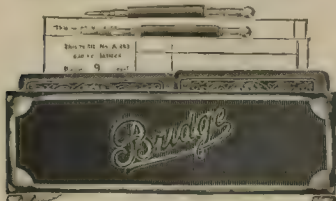
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 13, 1905) of DR. THOMAS JOHN BARNARDO, F.R.C.S., Edin., of St. Leonard's Lodge, Surbiton, founder of the Home for Waifs and Strays, who died on Sept. 19, was proved on Nov. 14 by Fred Adolphus Ernest Barnardo, the brother, and William McCall, the value of the property being £13,485. The testator gives his letters and correspondence to his wife; £100 each to his executors, and one tenth of what he shall die possessed of to the Homes for Waifs and Orphans, founded and directed by him, and "loved to the last." The residue of his property he leaves to Mrs. Barnardo for life, and subject thereto a sum producing £100 per annum is to be held, in trust, for his daughter Marjorie; £1000 is to go to his son William Elmslie; and the ultimate residue to his son Cyril Gordon, on his attaining twenty-five years of age.

The will (dated June 4, 1903) of Mr. Henry Sotheran, of Heathside, Beulah Hill, the noted bookseller of the Strand and Piccadilly, who died on July 30, has been proved by Henry Cecil Sotheran, the son, Miss Rosetta Florence Annie Sotheran, the daughter, Alfred Warren Melhuish, and Robert William Emmet, the value of the property being sworn at £101,674. The testator gives various policies of insurance and a bond for £20,000 each to his daughters, Rosetta Florence, Beatrice Maria Rose, and Alice Augusta Gertrude; £300 to the Stationers' Company for their schools; £200 to the Loriners' Company for their Pensioners' Fund; £25 each to the poor-boxes at the Mansion House and Guildhall; £20 each to the poor-boxes at Marlborough Street, Bow Street, Westminster, and Worship Street; £100 to the Book-sellers' Provident Institution; £100 to the Booksellers' Retreat; £50 to the Booksellers' Seaside Home; and £50 to the Cottage Hospital at Upper Norwood. The residue of his property he leaves to his children.

The will (dated Sept. 12, 1902) of MR. WILLIAM RALPH SMITH, of The Gables, Uttoxeter New Road, Derby, who died on Sept. 12, has been proved by Alfred Smith, Francis George Smith, and William Woolley, the value of the property being £66,265. The testator gives £1000 to the Derby Royal Infirmary; £500 each to the Children's Hospital, Derby, and the Railway Servants' Orphanage; £250 each to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the Deaf and Dumb Institution, Derby, and the Church of England Society for Waifs and Strays; £100 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; £5000, in trust, for Florence Brown,

while a spinster; £2000 each, in trust, for Selina Brown and Jemima Ashley; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephews and nieces the children of his brother George Fearn Smith.

The will (dated Aug. 9, 1905) of COLONEL THOMAS HUDDLESTONE, of St. Mildred's Court, Westgate-on-Sea, Kent, and Irtside Holmrook, Cumberland, who died on Aug. 27, has been proved by Mrs. Louise Georgina Huddleston, the widow, and Captain Charles Edward Etches, the value of the estate being £49,793. The testator gives £12,000 to his wife; £250 each to his great-nephews and niece, Henry, Robert, and Agnes H. Southward; and £100 for distribution among his servants and gardeners. Seven twentieths of his residuary estate he leaves to the children of his sister Agnes, six twentieths to the children of his brother John, four twentieths to the children of his sister Jane, and three twentieths between Charles Edward Etches, Caroline Louisa Etches, and Mary C. Spearman.

The will (dated June 27, 1905) of MR. JOHN EYTON WILLIAMS, of Chester, chemist, who died on July 15, has been proved by James Taylor, Henry Davis Jolliffe, John Dodds, and John Henry Cooke, the value of the property amounting to £35,689. The testator gives £10,000 to the University of Wales, of which his Majesty King Edward is Proctor, for founding scholarships and prizes; £10,000 to the University at Bangor on like trusts, and £2000 for the building fund; £105 each to the Cheshire Masonic Benevolent Institution, and the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution; £21 to the North Wales Masonic Benevolent Institution; £500 to the Denbigh Infirmary; £50 to the Mold Cottage Hospital; £250 to the National Lifeboat Institution; £500 to the Benevolent Fund of the Pharmaceutical Society; £250 to the Chester Grosvenor Museum; £50 each to the City Mission, the Soup Kitchen Fund, and the Skin Dispensary, Chester; and the ultimate residue to the University of Wales and the University at Bangor.

The will (dated Sept. 15, 1904) of MISS HELEN MARY HUTCHINS, of 23, Popstone Road, Earl's Court, and late of Rokeby, Oakfield Road, Clifton, who died on Oct. 9, was proved on Nov. 3 by Charles John Hooper Hutchins, the nephew, and Mrs. Louisa Trenchard, the sister, the value of the property being £22,599. Subject to a few small legacies, the testatrix gives one-third of her property to the Mildmay Mission to the Jews, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Church Missionary Society, Mr. Fegan's Home, the



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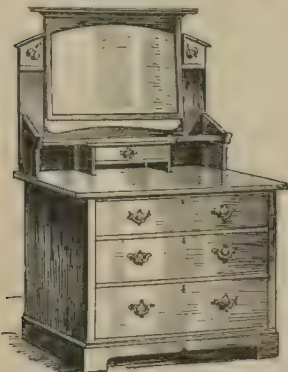
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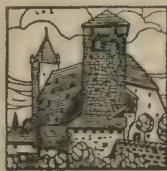
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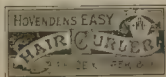
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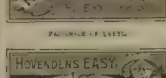
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The will (dated Aug. 5, 1904) of the REV. THE HON. STEPHEN WILLOUGHBY LAWLEY, of Spurlfield, Exminster, Devon, for many years rector of Eserick, near York, who died on Oct. 23, third son of the first Lord Wenlock, was proved on Nov. 13 by the Hon. Caroline Elizabeth Molyneux, the niece, the value of the property being £15,466. The testator gives £1000 to Mary Woolas; £500 to Harry Faulkner Brown; the miniature of Anne, Duchess of Cumberland, by Cosway, to his nephew Colonel the Hon. Richard Thompson Lawley,

with the expression of his wish that the same should be so left that it would devolve as an heirloom with the Wenlock estates. All other his property he leaves to his nieces, the Hon. Caroline Elizabeth Molyneux and Mary Caroline, Countess of Lovelace, and his nephew the Hon. Richard Thompson Lawley.

Among the interesting lectures still to come at the Hampstead Conservatoire are those by Mr. E. T. Reed, on Nov. 28, on "With Pen and Pencil and a Sense of Humour"; Mr. F. C. Selous on "Tales of Travel and Sport," on Dec. 5; Professor Vivian B. Lewes on "Modern Explosives," on Dec. 12. These lectures are under the management of Mr. Gerald Christy.

On Nov. 21 the Queen's Fund for the Unemployed had amounted to £65,000. Despite the sentiment of the great demonstration on Monday, where charity was indignantly refused and work demanded, there can be no doubt that the fund inaugurated by her Majesty will do

what nothing else can in the present emergency. It is, of course, no permanent solution of the difficulty, and the men were right in declaring that it was work they wanted; but the present distress is extraordinary, and needs extraordinary means of alleviation. The Queen's fund will undoubtedly be the life-line that will rescue many innocent sufferers who would otherwise have perished miserably. And the movement will also do good in awakening public attention to this tremendous social problem.

The presentation of "The Merchant of Venice" at Windsor Castle on Thursday night, before their Majesties and the King of the Hellenes and their other royal guests, was excellently complete, especially considering the smallness of the stage-space available. Mr. Arthur Bouchier sent down the whole of the picturesque furniture supplied by Messrs. Oetzmann, of Hampstead Road, W., and nothing was wanting in the way of scenery and accessories to make the performance acceptable to the brilliant audience.

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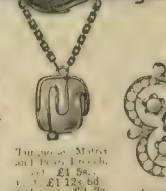
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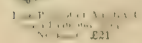


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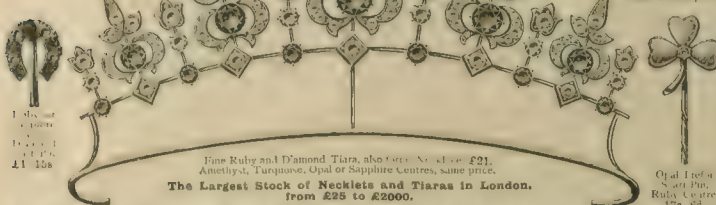
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VI—OLIVER REFUSES THE CROWN.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

# The BEND of THE ROAD

By 

A WEIRD STORY.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

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I.

JUST outside the small country station of M— in Cornwall, a viaduct carries the Great Western Railway line across a coombe, or narrow valley, through which a tributary trout-stream runs southward to meet the tides of the L— river. From the carriage-window as you pass you look down the coombe for half a mile perhaps, and also down a road which, leading out from M— station a few yards below the viaduct, descends the left-hand slope at a sharp incline to the stream; but whether to cross it or run close beside it down the valley bottom you cannot tell, since before they meet an eastward curve of the coombe shuts off the view.

Both slopes are pleasantly wooded, and tall beeches, interset here and there with pines—a pretty contrast in the spring—spread their boughs over the road, which is cut cornice-wise with a low parapet hedge to protect it along the outer side, where the ground falls steeply to the water-meadows, winding like a narrow green riband edged by the stream with twinkling silver.

For the rest, there appears nothing remarkable in the valley: and certainly Mr. Molesworth, who crossed and recrossed it regularly on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays on his way to and from his banking business in Plymouth, would have been puzzled to explain why, three times out of four, as his train rattled over the viaduct, he laid down his newspaper, took the cigar from his mouth, and gazed down from the window of his first-class smoking carriage upon the green water-meadows and the curving road. The Great Western line for thirty miles or so on the far side of Plymouth runs through scenery singularly beautiful, and its many viaducts carry it over at least a dozen coombes more strikingly picturesque than this particular one which alone engaged his curiosity. The secret, perhaps, lay with the road. Mr. Molesworth, who had never set foot on it, sometimes wondered whither it led and into what country it disappeared around

the base of the slope to which at times his eyes travelled always wistfully. He had passed his forty-fifth year and forgotten that he was an imaginative man. Nevertheless, and quite unconsciously, he let his imagination play for a few moments every morning—in the evening, jaded with business, he forgot as often as not to look—along this country road. Somehow it had come to wear a friendly smile, inviting him: and he on his part regarded it with quite a friendly interest. Once or twice, half-amused by the fancy, he had promised himself to take a holiday and explore it.

Years had gone by, and the promise remained unredeemed, nor appeared likely to be redeemed: yet at the back of his mind he was always aware of it; and when the train slowed down and stopped at M— Station he usually spared a second look for the folks on the platform. They had come by the road; and others, alighting, were about to take the road.

They were few enough, as a rule: apple-cheeked farmers and country-wives with their baskets, bound for Plymouth market; on summer mornings, as likely as not, an angler or two, thick-booted, carrying rod and creel, their hats wreathed with March-browns or palmers on silvery lines of gut; in the autumn, now and then a sportsman with his gun; on Monday mornings, half-a-dozen Navy lads returning from furlough, with stains of native earth on their shoes and the edges of their wide trousers. . . . The faces of all these people wore an innocent friendliness: to Mr. Molesworth, a childless man, they seemed a childlike race and mysterious as children, carrying with them like an aura the preoccupations of the valley from which they emerged. He decided that the country below the road must be worth exploring, that spring or early summer must be the proper season, and angling his pretext. He had been an accomplished fly-fisher in his youth, and wondered how much of the art would return to his hand when, after many years, it balanced the rod again.

Together with his fly-fishing, Mr. Molesworth had forgotten most of the propensities of his youth. He had been born an only son of rich



*He glanced up at the further bank and into a pair of brown eyes.*

parents, who shrank from exposing him to the rigours and temptations of a public school. Consequently, when the time came for him to go up to Oxford, he found no friends there and made few, being sensitive, shy, entirely unskilled in games, and but moderately interested in learning. His vacations, which he spent at home, were as dull as he had always found them under a succession of

well-meaning, middle-aged tutors—until, one August day, as he played a twelve-pound salmon, he glanced up at the further bank and into a pair of brown eyes which were watching him with unconcealed interest.

The eyes belonged to a yeoman-farmer's daughter: and young Molesworth lost his fish, but returned next day, and again day after day, to try for him. At the end of three weeks or so, his parents—he was a poor hand at dissimulation—discovered what was happening, and interfered with promptness and resolution. He had not learnt the art of disobedience, and while he considered how to begin (having, indeed, taken his passion with a thoroughness that did him credit), Miss Margaret, sorely weeping, was packed off on a visit to her mother's relations near Exeter, where, three months later, she married a young farmer-cousin and emigrated to Canada.

In this way Mr. Molesworth's love-making and his fly-fishing had come to an end together. Like Gibbon, he had sighed as a lover, and (Miss Margaret's faithlessness assisting) obeyed as a son. Nevertheless, the sequel did not quite fulfil his parents' hopes, who, having acted with decision in a situation which took them unawares, were willing enough to make amends by providing him with quite a large choice of suitable partners. To their dismay, it appeared that he had done with all thoughts of matrimony: and I am not sure that, as the years went on, their dismay did not deepen into regret. To the end he made them an admirable son, but they went down to their graves and left him unmarried.

In all other respects he followed irreproachably the line of life they had marked out for him. He succeeded to the directorate of the Bank in which the family had made its money, and to those unpaid offices of local distinction which his father had adorned. As a banker he was eminently "sound"—that is to say, cautious, but not obstinately conservative; as a justice of the peace, scrupulous, fair, inclined to mercy, exact in the performance of all his duties. As High Sheriff he filled his term of office and discharged it adequately, but without ostentation. Respecting wealth, but not greatly caring for it—as why should he?—every year without effort he put aside a thousand or two. Men liked him, in spite of his shyness: his good manners hiding a certain fastidiousness of which he was aware without being at all proud of it. No one had ever treated him with familiarity: one or two at the most called him friend, and these probably enjoyed a deeper friendship than they knew: everyone felt him to be, behind his reserve, a good fellow.

Regularly thrice a week he drove down in his phaeton to the small country station at the foot of his park, and caught the 10.27 up-train: regularly as the train started he lit the cigar which, carefully smoked, was regularly three-parts consumed by the time he crossed the M— viaduct; and regularly, as he lit it, he was conscious of a faint feeling of resentment at the presence of Sir John Crang.

Nine mornings out of ten, Sir John Crang (who lived two stations down the line) would be his fellow-traveller, and three times out of five his only companion. Sir John was an ex-Civil Servant, knighted for what were known vaguely as "services in Burmah," and, now retired upon a derelict country seat in Cornwall, was making a bold push for local importance, and dividing his leisure between the cultivation of roses (in which he excelled) and the directorship of a large soap-factory near the Plymouth docks. Mr. Molesworth did not like him, and might have accounted for his dislike by a variety of reasons. He himself, for example, grew roses in a small way as an amateur, and had been used to achieve successes at the local flower-shows until Sir John arrived and in one season beat him out of the field. This, as an essentially generous man, he might have forgiven; but not the loud dogmatic air of patronage with which, on venturing to congratulate his rival and discuss some question of culture, he had been bullied and set right and generally treated as an ignorant junior. Moreover, he seemed to observe—but he may have been mistaken—that, whatever rose he selected for his buttonhole, Sir John would take note of it and trump it next day with a finer bloom.

But these were trifles. Putting them aside, Mr. Molesworth felt that he could never like the man who—to be short—was less of a gentleman than a highly coloured and somewhat aggressive imitation of one. Most of all, perhaps, he abhorred Sir John's bulging glassy eyeballs, of a hard white by contrast with his coppery skin—surest sign of the cold sensualist. But in fact he took no pains to analyse his aversion, which extended even to the smell of Sir John's excellent but Burmese cigars. The two men nodded when they met, and usually exchanged a remark or two on the weather. Beyond this they rarely conversed, even upon politics, although both were Conservatives and voters in the same electoral division.

The day of which this story tells was a Saturday in the month of May 188—, a warm and cloudless morning, which seemed to mark the real beginning of summer after an unusually cold spring. The year, indeed, had reached that exact point when for a week or so the young leaves are as fragrant as flowers, and the rush of the train swept a thousand delicious scents in at the open windows. Mr. Molesworth had donned a white waistcoat in honour of the weather, and wore a bud of a Capucine rose in his buttonhole. Sir John had adorned himself with an enormous glowing *Sénateur Vaisse*. (Why not a Paul Neyron while he was about it? wondered Mr. Molesworth, as he surveyed the globular bloom.)

Now in the breast a door flings wide—

It may have been the weather that disposed Sir John to talk to-day. After commending it and adding a word or two in general in praise of the West-country climate, he paused and watched Mr. Molesworth lighting his cigar.

"You're a man of regular habits?" he observed unexpectedly, with a shade of interrogation in his voice.

Mr. Molesworth frowned and tossed his match out of window.

"I believe in regular habits myself," Sir John, bent on affability, laid down his newspaper on his knee. "There's one danger about them,

though: they're deadening. They save a man the bother of thinking, and persuade him he's doing right, when all the reason is that he's done the same thing a hundred times before. I came across that in a book once, and it seemed to me dashed sound sense. Now here's something I'd like to ask you—have you any theory at all about dreams?"

"Dreams?" echoed Mr. Molesworth, taken aback by the inconsequent question.

"There's a Society—isn't there?—that makes a study of 'em and collects evidence. Man wakes up, having dreamt that friend whom he knows to be abroad is standing by his bed; lights his candle or turns on the electric-light and looks at his watch; goes to sleep again, tells his family all about it at breakfast, and a week or two later learns that his friend died at such-and-such an hour and the very minute his watch pointed to. That's the sort of thing."

"You mean the Psychological Society?"

"That's the name. Well, I'm a case for it. Anyway, I can knock the inside out of one of the theories, that dreams are a sort of memory-game made up of scenes and scraps and suchlike out of your waking consciousness—isn't that the lingo? Now, I've never had but one dream in my life; but I've dreamt it two or three score of times, and I dreamt it last night."

"Indeed?"—Mr. Molesworth was getting mildly interested.

"And I'm not what you'd call a fanciful sort of person," went on Sir John, with obvious veracity. "Regular habits—rise early and to bed early; never a day's trouble with my digestion; off to sleep as soon as my head touches the pillow. You can't call it a nightmare, and yet it's unpleasant, somehow."

"But what is it?"

"Well"—Sir John seemed to hesitate—"you might call it a scene. Yes, that's it—a scene. There's a piece of water and a church beside it—just an ordinary-looking little parish church, with a tower but no pinnacles. Outside the porch there's a tallish stone cross—you can just see it between the elms from the churchyard gate; and going through the gate you step over a sort of gridiron—half-a-dozen granite stones laid parallel, with spaces between."

"Then it must be a Cornish church. You never see that contrivance outside the Duchy: though it's worth copying. It keeps out sheep and cattle, while even a child can step across it easily."

"But, my dear Sir, I never saw Cornwall—and certainly never saw or heard of this contrivance—until I came and settled here, eight years ago: whereas I've been dreaming this, off and on, ever since I was fifteen."

"And you never saw the rest of the scene? the church itself, for instance?"

"Neither stick nor stone of it: I'll take my oath. Mind you, it isn't like a church made up of different scraps of memory. It's just that particular church, and I know it by heart, down to a scaffold-hole partly hidden with grass close under the lowest string-course of the tower, facing the gate."

"And inside?"

"I don't know. I've never been inside. But stop a moment—you haven't heard the half of it yet. There's a road comes downhill to the shore, between the churchyard wall—there's a heap of greyish silvery-looking stuff, by the way, growing on the coping—something like lavender, with yellow blossoms—where was I? Oh yes, and on the other side of the road there's a tall hedge with elms above it. It breaks off where the road takes a bend around and in front of the churchyard gate, with a yard or two of turf on the side towards the water and from the turf a clean drop of three feet, or a little less, on to the foreshore. The foreshore is all grey stones, round and flat, the sort you'd choose to play what's called ducks-and-drakes. It goes curving along, and the road with it, until the beach ends with a spit of rock, and over the rock a kind of cottage (only bigger, but thatched and whitewashed just like a cottage) with a garden, and in the garden a laburnum in flower, leaning slantwise"—Sir John raised his open hand and bent his forefinger to indicate the angle—"and behind the cottage a reddish cliff with a few clumps of furze overhanging it, and the turf on it stretching up to a larch plantation. . . ."

Sir John paused and rubbed his forehead meditatively.

"At least," he resumed, "I *think* it's a larch plantation; but the scene gets confused above a certain height. It's the foreshore, and the church and the cottage that I always see clearest. Yes, and I forgot to tell you—I'm a poor hand at description—that there's a splash of whitewash on the spit of rock, and an iron ring fixed there, for warping-in a vessel, maybe: and sometimes there's a boat, out on the water. . . ."

"You describe it vividly enough," said Mr. Molesworth as Sir John paused and, apparently on the point of resuming his story, checked himself, tossed his cigar out of the window, and chose a fresh one from his pocket-case. "Well, and what happens in your dream?"

Sir John struck a match, puffed his fresh cigar alight, deliberately examined the ignited end, and flung the match away. "Nothing happens, I told you it was just a scene, didn't I?"

"You said that somehow the dream was an unpleasant one."

"So I did. So it is. It makes me damnably uncomfortable every time I dream it, though for the life of me I can't tell you why."

"The picture as you draw it seems to me quite a pleasant one."

"So it is, again."

"And you say nothing happens?"

"Well"—Sir John took the cigar from his mouth and looked at it—"nothing ever happens in it, definitely: nothing at all. But always in the dream there's a smell of lemon verbena—it comes from the garden—and a curious hissing noise—and a sense of a black man's being somehow mixed up in it all. . . ."



*"If it hadn't been for Moung Gway I should have been a dead man."*

"THE BEND OF THE ROAD."—BY "Q."

"A black man?"

"Black or brown . . . in the dream I don't think I've ever actually seen him. The hissing sound—it's like the hiss of a snake, only ten times louder—may have come into the dream of late years. As to that I won't swear. But I'm dead certain there was always a black man mixed up in it, or what I may call a sense of one: and that, as you will say, is the most curious part of the whole business."

Sir John flipped away the ash of his cigar and leant forward impressively.

"If I wasn't, as I say, dead sure of his having been in it from the first," he went on, "I could tell you the exact date when he took a hand in the game: because," he resumed after another pause, "I once actually saw what I'm telling you."

"But you told me," objected Mr. Molesworth, "that you had never actually seen it."

"I was wrong then. I saw it once, in a Burmese boy's hand at Maulmain. The old Eastern trick, you know: palmful of ink and the rest of it. There was nothing particular about the boy except an ugly scar on his cheek (caused, I believe, by his mother having put him down to sleep in the fireplace while the clay floor of it was nearly red-hot under the ashes). His master called himself his grandfather—a holy-looking man with a white beard down to his loins: and the pair of them used to come up every year from Mergui or some such part, at the Full Moon of Taboung, which happens at the end of March and is the big feast in Maulmain. The pair of them stood close by the great entrance of the Shway Dagone, where the three roads meet, and just below the long flights of steps leading up to the pagoda. The second day of the feast I was making for the entrance with a couple of naval officers I had picked up at the Club, and my man, Moung Gway, following as close as he could keep in the crowd. Just as we were going up the steps, the old impostor challenged me, and, partly to show my friends what the game was like—for they were new to the country—I stopped and found a coin for him. He poured the usual dollop of ink into the boy's hand, and, by George, Sir, next minute I was staring at the very thing I'd seen a score of times in my dreams but never out of them. I tell you, there's more in that Eastern hanky-panky than meets the eye; beyond that I'll offer no opinion. Outside the magic I believe the whole business was a put-up job, to catch my attention and take me unawares. For when I stepped back, pretty well startled and blinking from the strain of keeping my attention fixed on the boy's palm, a man jumped forward from the crowd and precious nearly knifed me. If it hadn't been for Moung Gway, who tripped him up and knocked him sideways, I should have been a dead man in two twos—for my friends were taken aback by the suddenness of it. But in less than a minute we had him down and the handcuffs on him; and the end was, he got five years' hard, which means hefting chain-shot from one end to another of the prison square and then hefting it back again. There was a rather neat little Burmese girl, you see—a sort of niece of Moung Gway's—who had taken a fancy to me; and this turned out to be a disappointed lover, just turned up from a voyage to Cagayan in a paddy-boat. I believed he had fixed it up with the venerable one to hold me with his magic until he got in his stroke. Venomous beggars, those Burmans, if you cross 'em in the wrong way. The fellow got his release a week before I left Maulmain for good, and the very next day Moung Gway was found, down by the quays, dead as a haddock, with a wound between the shoulder-blades as neat as if he'd been measured for it. Oh, I could tell you a story or two about those fellows!"

"It's easily explained, at any rate," Mr. Molesworth suggested, "why you see a dark-skinned man in your dream."

"But I tell you, my dear Sir, he has been a part of the dream from the beginning . . . before I went to Wren's, and long before ever I thought of Burmah. He's as old as the church itself, and the foreshore and the cottage—the whole scene, in fact—though I can't say he's half as distinct. I can't tell you in the least, for instance, what his features are like. I've said that the upper part of the dream is vague to me; at the end of the foreshore, that is, where the cottage stands; the church tower I can see plainly enough to the very top. But over by the cottage—above the porch, as you may say—everything seems to swim in a mist: and it's up in that mist the fellow's head and shoulders appear and vanish. Sometimes I think he's looking out of the window at me and draws back into

the room as if he didn't want to be seen; and the mist itself gathers and floats away with the hissing sound I told you about. . . ."

Sir John's voice paused abruptly. The train was drawing near the M— viaduct, and Mr. Molesworth from force of habit had turned his eyes to the window, to gaze down the green valley. He withdrew them suddenly, and looked around at his companion.

"Ah, to be sure," he said vaguely; "I had forgotten the hissing sound."

It was curious, but as he spoke he himself became aware of a loud hissing sound filling his ears. The train lurched and jolted heavily.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Sir John, half rising in his seat, "something's wrong." He was staring past Mr. Molesworth and out of the window.

"Nasty place for an accident, too," he added in a slow, strained voice.

The two men looked at each other for a moment. Sir John's face wore a tense expression—a kind of galvanised smile. Mr. Molesworth closed his eyes, instinctively concealing his sudden sickening terror of what an accident just there must mean: and for a second or so he actually had a sensation of dropping into space. He remembered having felt something like it in dreams three or four times in his life: and at the same instant he remembered a country superstition gravely imparted to him in childhood by his old nurse, that if you dreamt of falling and didn't wake up before reaching the bottom, you would surely die. The absurdity of it chased away his terror, and he opened his eyes and looked about him with a short laugh.

The train still jolted heavily, but had begun to slow down, and Mr. Molesworth drew a long breath as a glance told him that they were past the viaduct. Sir John had risen, and was leaning out of the farther window. Something had gone amiss, then. But what?

He put the question aloud. Sir John, his head and shoulders well outside the carriage-window, did not answer; probably he did not hear.

As the train ran into M— station and came to a standstill, Mr. Molesworth caught a glimpse of the station-master, in his gold-braided cap, by the door of the booking-office. He wore a grave, almost a scared look. The three or four country-people on the sunny platform seemed to have their gaze drawn by the engine, and somebody ahead there was shouting. Sir John Crang, without a backward look, flung the door open and stepped out. Mr. Molesworth was preparing to follow—and by the cramped feeling in his fingers was aware at the same instant that he had been gripping the arm-rest almost desperately—when the guard of the train came running by and paused to thrust his head in at the open doorway to explain.

"Engine's broken her coupling-rod, Sir—just before we came to the viaduct. Mercy for us she didn't leave the rails."

"Mercy indeed, as you say," Mr. Molesworth assented. "I suppose we shall be hung up here until they send a relief down?"

The guard—Mr. Molesworth knew him as "George" by name and by habit constantly polite—turned and waved his flag hurriedly, in acknowledgment of the shouting ahead, before answering—

"You may count on half-an-hour's delay, Sir. Lucky it's no worse. You'll excuse me—they're calling for me down yonder."

He ran on, and Mr. Molesworth, following, stepped out upon the platform, of which this end was already deserted, all the passengers having alighted and hurried forward to inspect the broken-down engine. A few paces beyond the door, he met the station-master racing back to dispatch a telegram.

"It seems that we've had a narrow escape," said Mr. Molesworth.

The station-master touched his hat and plunged into his office. Mr. Molesworth, instead of joining the crowd around the engine, halted before a small pile of luggage on a bench outside the waiting-room and absent-mindedly scanned the labels.

Among the parcels lay a fishing-rod in a canvas case and a wicker creel, the pair of them labelled and bearing the name of an acquaintance of his—a certain Sir Warwick Moyle, baronet and county magistrate, beside whom he habitually sat at Quarter Sessions.

"I had no idea," Mr. Molesworth mused, "that Moyle was an angler. It would be a fair joke, anyway, to borrow his rod and fill up the time.—How long before the relief comes down?" he asked, intercepting the station-master as he came rushing out from his office and slammed the door behind him.

"Maybe an hour, Sir, before we get you started again. I can't honestly promise you less than forty minutes."



*Mr. Molesworth stepped out beyond the station gateway upon the road.*

"Very well, then: I'm going to borrow Sir Warwick's rod, there, and fill up the time," said Mr. Molesworth, pointing at it.

The station-master apparently did not hear; at any rate he passed on without remonstrance. Mr. Molesworth slung the creel over his shoulder, picked up the rod, and stepped out beyond the station gateway upon the road.

## II.

THE road ran through a cutting, sunless, cooled by many small springs of water trickling down the rock-face, green with draperies of the hart's tongue and common polypody ferns; and emerged again into warmth upon a curve of the hillside facing southward down the coombe and almost close under the second span of the viaduct, where the tall trestles plunged down among the tree-tops like gigantic stilts, and the railway left earth and spun itself across the chasm like a line of gossamer, its criss-crossed timbers so delicately pencilled against the blue that the whole structure seemed to swing there in the morning breeze. Above it, in heights yet more giddy, the larks were chiming; and Mr. Molesworth's heart went up to those clear heights with a sudden lift.

In all the many times he had crossed the viaduct he had never once guessed—he could not have imagined—how beautiful it looked from below. He stood and gazed and drew a long breath. Was it the escape from dreadful peril, with its blessed revulsion of feeling, that so quickened all his senses dulled by years of habit? He could not tell. He gave himself up to the strange and innocent excitement.

Why had he never till now—and now only by accident—obeyed the impulse to descend this road and explore? He was rich: he had not even the excuse of children to be provided for; the Bank might surely have waited for one day. He did not want much money. His tastes were simple—was not the happiness at this moment thrilling him a proof that his tastes were simple as a child's? Lo, too, his eyes were looking on the world as freshly as a child's! Why had he so long denied them a holiday? Why do men chain themselves in prisons of their own making?

What had the station-master said? It might be an hour—certainly not less than forty minutes—before the train could be restarted. Mr. Molesworth looked at his watch. Forty minutes to explore the road: forty minutes' holiday! He laughed, pocketed the watch again, and took the road briskly, humming a song.

Suppose he missed his train? Why, then, the Bank must do without him to-day, as it would have to do without him, one of these days, when he was dead. He thought of his fellow-directors' faces, and laughed again. He felt morally certain of missing that train. What kind of world would it be if money grew in birds' nests, or if leaves were currency and withered in autumn? Would it include truant-schools for bankers?

He that is down needs fear no fall,  
He that is low, no pride;  
He that is humble ever shall  
Have God to be his guide.  
Fulness to such a burden is  
That go on pilgrimage—

Mr. Molesworth did not actually sing these words. The tune he hummed was a wordless one, and, for that matter, not even much of a

broke off, and a plantation of green young larches climbed the hill, the wild hyacinths ran down to the stream in sheet upon sheet of blue.

Mr. Molesworth rested his creel on the low hedge above one of these sheets of blue, and with the music of the stream in his ears began to unpack Sir Warwick Moyle's fishing-rod. For a moment he paused, bethinking himself, with another short laugh, that, without flies, neither rod nor line would catch him a fish. But decidedly fortune was kind to him to-day: for, opening the creel, he found Sir Warwick's fly-book within it, bulging with hooks and flies by the score—nay, by the hundred. He unbuckled the strap and was turning the leaves to make his choice, when his ear caught the sound of footsteps, and he lifted his eyes to see Sir John Crang coming down the road.

"Hullo!" hailed Sir John. "I saw you slip out of the station and took a fancy that I'd follow. Pretty little out-of-the-way spot, this. Eh? Why, where on earth did you pick up those angling traps?"

"I stole them," answered Mr. Molesworth deliberately, choosing a fly. He did not in the least desire. Sir John's company, but somehow found himself too full of good-nature to resent it actively.

"Stole 'em?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, they belong to a friend of mine. They were lying ready to hand in the station and I borrowed them without leave. He won't mind."

"You're a cool one, I must say." It may be that the recent agitation of his feelings had shaken Sir John's native vulgarity to the surface. Certainly he spoke now with a commonness of idiom and accent he was usually at pains to conceal. "You must have a fair nerve altogether, for all you're such a quiet-looking chap. Hadn't even the curiosity—had you?—to find out what had gone wrong; but just picked up a handy fishing-rod and strolled

off to fill up the time till damages were repaired. Look here. Do you know, or don't you, that 'twasn't by more than a hair's breadth we missed going over that viaduct?"

"I knew we must have had a narrow escape."

"And you can be tying the fly there on to that gut as steady as a doctor picking up an artery! Well, I envy you. Look at that!" Sir John held out a brown, hairy, shaking hand. "And I don't reckon myself a coward, either."

Mr. Molesworth knew that the man's record had established at any rate his reputation for courage. He had, in fact, been a famous hunter-out of Dacoity.

"I didn't know you went in for that sort of thing," pursued Sir John, watching Mr. Molesworth, who, with a pen-knife, was trimming the ends of gut. "Don't mind my watching your first cast or two, I hope? I won't talk. Anglers don't like being interrupted, I know."

"I shall be glad of your company: and please talk as much as you choose. To tell the truth, I haven't handled a rod for years, and I'm making this little experiment to see if I've quite lost the knack rather than with any hope of catching fish."

It appeared, however, that he had not lost the knack, and after the first cast or two, in the pleasure of recovered skill, his senses abandoned themselves entirely to the sport. Sir John had lit a cigar and seated himself amid the bracken a short distance back from the brink, to watch: but whether he conversed or not Mr. Molesworth could not tell. He remembered afterwards



*He lifted his eyes to see Sir John Crang coming down the road.*



*Here before him was a shore, with a church beside it, and at the far end a whitewashed cottage.*

tune. But he afterwards declared very positively that he sang the sense of them, being challenged by the birds, calling in contention louder and louder as the road dipped towards the stream, and by the music of lapsing water which now began to possess his ear. For some five or six furlongs the road descended under beech-boughs, between slopes carpeted with last year's leaves: but by-and-by the beeches gave place to an oak coppice with a matted undergrowth of the whortleberry; and where these in turn

that at the end of twenty minutes or so—probably when his cigar was finished—Sir John rose and announced his intention of strolling some way farther down the valley—"to soothe his nerves a bit," as he said, adding, "So long! I see you're going to miss that train, to a certainty."

Yes, it was certain enough that Mr. Molesworth would miss his train. He fished down the stream slowly, the song and dazzle of the water filling his ears, his vision, his whole being soothed and lulled less by the actual

scene than by a hundred memories it awakened or set stirring. He was young again—a youth of twenty with romance in his heart. The plants and grasses he trod were the asphodels, sundew, water-mint his feet had crushed—crushed into fragrance—five-and-twenty years ago . . .

So deeply preoccupied was he that, coming to a bend where the coombe suddenly widened and the stream, without warning, cast its green fringe of alders like a slough and slipped down a beach of flat pebbles to the head waters of a tidal creek, Mr. Molesworth rubbed his eyes with a start. Had the stream been a Naiad she could not have given him the slip more coquettishly.

He rubbed his eyes, and then with a short gasp of wonder—almost of terror—involuntarily looked around for Sir John. Here before him was a shore, with a church beside it, and at the far end a whitewashed cottage—surely the very shore, church, cottage of Sir John's dream! Yes, there was the stone cross before the porch; and here the grid-fashioned church stile; and yonder under the string-course the scaffold-hole with the grass growing out of it!

If Mr. Molesworth's hands had been steady when he tied on his May-fly, they trembled enough now as he hurriedly put up his tackle and disjointed his rod: and still, and again while he hastened across to the cottage above the rocky spit—the cottage with the larch plantation above and in the garden a laburnum aslant and in bloom—his eyes sought the beach for Sir John.

The cottage was a large one, as Sir John had described. It was, in fact, a waterside inn, with its name, *The Saracen's Head*, painted in black letters along its white-washed front and under a swinging signboard. Looking up at the board Mr. Molesworth discerned, beneath its dark varnish, the shoulders, scimitar, and grinning face of a turbaned Saracen, and laughed aloud between incredulity and a sense of terror absurdly relieved. This, then, was Sir John's black man!

But almost at the same moment another face looked over the low hedge—the face of a young girl in a blue sun-bonnet: and Mr. Molesworth put out a hand to the gate to steady himself.

The girl—she had heard his laugh, perhaps—gazed down at him with a frank curiosity. Her eyes were honest, clear, untroubled: they were also extremely beautiful eyes: and they were more. As Mr. Molesworth to his last day was prepared to take oath, here were the very eyes, as here was the very face and here the very form, of the Margaret whom he had suffered for, and suffered to be lost to him, twenty-five years ago. It was Margaret, and she had not aged one day.

In Margaret's voice, too, seeing that he made no motion to enter, she spoke down to him across the hedge.

"Are you a friend, Sir, of the gentleman that was here just now?"

"Sir John Crang?" Mr. Molesworth just managed to command his voice.

"I don't know his name, Sir. But he left his cigar-case behind. I found it on the settle five minutes after he had gone, and ran out to search for him. . . ."

Mr. Molesworth opened the gate and held out a hand for the case. Yes: he recognised it. It bore Sir John's monogram in silver.

"I will give it to him," he said. Without exactly knowing why, he followed her into the inn-kitchen. Yes, he would take a pint of her ale. "The home-brewed?" Yes, certainly, the home-brewed.

She brought it in a pewter tankard, exquisitely polished. The polish of it caught and cast back the sunlight in prismatic circles on the scoured deal table. The girl—Margaret—stood for a moment in the fuller sunlight by the window, lingering there to pick a dead leaf from a geranium on the ledge.

"Which way did Sir John go?"

"I *thought* he took the turning along the shore; but I didn't notice particularly which way he went. He said he had come down the valley, and I took it for granted he would be going on."

Mr. Molesworth drank his beer and stood up. "There are only two ways, then, out of this valley."

"Thank you, Sir—" As he paid her she dropped a small curtsy—"yes, only two ways—up the valley or along the shore. The road up the valley leads to the railway station."

"By the way, there was an accident at the station this morning?"

"Indeed, Sir?" Her beautiful eyes grew round. "Nothing serious, I hope?"

"It might have been a very nasty one indeed," said Mr. Molesworth, and paused. "I think I'll take a look along the shore before returning. I don't want to miss my friend, if I can help it."

"You can see right along it from the rock beyond the garden," said the girl, and Mr. Molesworth went out.

As he reached the spit of rock, the sunlight playing down the waters of the creek dazzled him for a moment. Rubbing his eyes, he saw, about two hundred yards along the foreshore, a boat grounded, and two figures beside it on the beach: and either his sight was playing him a trick or these two were struggling together.

He ran towards them. Almost as he started, in one of the figures he recognised Sir John. The other had him by the shoulders, and seemed to be dragging him by main force towards the boat. Mr. Molesworth shouted as he rushed up to the fray. The assailant turned—turned with a loud hissing sound—and, releasing Sir John, swung up a hand with something in it that flashed in the sun as he struck at the new-comer: and as Mr. Molesworth fell, he saw a fierce brown face and a cage of white, gleaming teeth bared in a savage grin. . . .

He picked himself up, the blood running warm over his eyes, and, as he stood erect for a moment, down over his white waistcoat. But the dusky face of his antagonist, had vanished and, with it, the whole scene.

In place of the foreshore with its flat grey stones, his eye travelled down a steep green slope. The hissing sound continued in his ears, louder than ever, but it came with violent jets of steam from a locomotive, grotesquely overturned some twenty yards below him. Fainting, he saw and sank across the body of Sir John Crang, which lay with face upturned among the June grasses, staring at the sky.

### III.

*Statement by W. Pitt Ferguson, M.D., of Lockyer Street, Plymouth.*

THE foregoing narrative has been submitted to me by the writer, who was well acquainted with the late Mr. Molesworth. In my opinion it conveys a correct impression of that gentleman's temperament and character: and I can testify that in the details of his psychical adventures on the valley road leading to St. A——'s Church it adheres strictly to the account given me by Mr. Molesworth himself shortly after the accident on the M—— viaduct, and repeated by him several times with insistence during the illness which terminated mortally some four months later. The manner in which the narrative is presented may be open to criticism: but of this, as one who has for some years eschewed the reading of fiction, I am not a fair judge. It adds, at any rate, nothing in the way of "sensation" to the story as Mr. Molesworth told it: and of its improbability I should be the last to complain, who am to add, of my own positive observation,

some evidence which will make it appear yet more startling, if not wholly incredible.

The accident was actually witnessed by two men, cattle-jobbers, who were driving down the valley road in a light cart or "trap," and were within two hundred yards of the viaduct when they saw the train crash through the parapet over the second span (counting from the west), and strike and plunge down the slope. In their evidence at the inquest, and again at the Board of Trade inquiry, these men agree that it took them from five to eight minutes only to alight, run down and across the valley (fording the stream on their way), and scramble up to the scene of the disaster: and they further agree that one of the first sad objects on which their eyes fell was the dead body of Sir John Crang with Mr. Molesworth, alive but sadly injured and bleeding, stretched across it. Apparently they had managed to crawl from the wreck of the carriage before Sir John succumbed, or Mr. Molesworth had managed to drag his companion out—whether dead or alive cannot be told—before himself fainting from loss of blood.

The toll of the disaster, as is generally known, amounted to twelve killed and seventeen more or less seriously injured. Help having been summoned from M—— station, the injured—or as many of them as could be removed—were conveyed in an ambulance-train to Plymouth. Among them was Mr. Molesworth, whose apparent injuries were a broken hip, a laceration of the thigh, and an ugly, jagged scalp-wound. Of all these he made, in time, a fair recovery: but what brought him under my care was the nervous shock from which his



*She spoke down to him across the hedge.*



*Apparently Mr. Molesworth had managed to drag his companion out.*

"THE END OF THE ROAD."—BY "Q."

brain, even while his body healed, never made any promising attempt to rally. For some time after the surgeon had pronounced him cured he lingered on, a visibly dying man, and died in the end of utter nervous collapse.

Yet even within a few days of the end, his brain kept an astonishing clearness: and to me as well as to the friends who visited him in hospital and afterwards in his Plymouth lodgings—for he never returned home again, being unable to face another railway journey—he would maintain, and with astonishing vigour and lucidity of description, that he had actually in very truth travelled down the valley in company with Sir John Crang and seen with his own eyes everything related in the foregoing paper. Now as a record of what did undeniably pass through the brain of a cultivated man in some catastrophic moments, I found these recollections of his exceedingly interesting. As no evidence is harder to collect, so almost none can be of higher importance, than that of man's sensations at the exact moment when he passes, naturally or violently, out of this present life into whatever may be. Partly because Mr. Molesworth's story, which he persisted in, had this scientific value; partly in the hope of diverting his mind from the lethargy into which I perceived it to be sinking; I once begged him to write the whole story down. To

between the impossibility of accepting his story and the impossibility of doubting the assurance of so entirely honourable a man that he had never travelled the road in his life. At first I tried to believe that his recollections of it—detailed as they were—might one by one have been suggested by the view from the viaduct. But, honestly, I was soon obliged to give this up: and when we arrived at the creek's head and the small churchyard beside it, I confessed myself confounded. Point by point, and at every point, the actual scene reproduced Mr. Molesworth's description.

I prefer to make no comment on my last discovery. After the funeral, being curious to satisfy myself in every particular, I walked across the track to the inn—the Saracen's Head—which again answered Mr. Molesworth's description to the last detail. The house was kept by a widow and her daughter: and the girl—an extremely good-looking young person—made me welcome. I concluded she must be the original of Mr. Molesworth's illusion—perhaps the strangest of all his illusions—and took occasion to ask her (I confess not without a touch of trepidation) if she remembered the day of the accident. She answered that she remembered it well. I asked if she remembered any visitor, or visitors, coming to the inn on that day. She answered, None:—but that now I



*She ran at once and fetched them.*

this, however, he was unequal. His will betrayed him as soon as he took pen and paper.

The entire veracity of his recollection he none the less affirmed again and again, and with something like passion, although aware that his friends were but humouring him while they listened and made pretence to believe. The strong card—if I may so term it—in his evidence was undoubtedly Sir John Crang's cigar-case. It was found in Mr. Molesworth's breast-pocket when they undressed him at the hospital, and how it came there I confess I cannot explain. It may be that it had dropped on the grass from Sir John's pocket, and that Mr. Molesworth, under the hallucination which undoubtedly possessed him, picked it up, and pocketed it before the two cattle-drovers found him. It is an unlikely hypothesis, but I cannot suggest a likelier.

A fortnight before his death he sent for a lawyer and made his will, the sanity of which no one can challenge. At the end he directed that his body should be interred in the parish churchyard of St. A—, "as close as may be to the cross by the church porch." As a last challenge to scepticism this surely was defiant enough.

It was my duty to attend the funeral. The coffin, conveyed by train to M— Station, was there transferred to a hearse, and the procession followed the valley road. I forget at what point it began to be impressed upon me, who had never travelled the road before, that Mr. Molesworth's "recollections" of it had been so exact that they compelled a choice

happened to speak of it, somebody must have come that day while she was absent on an errand to the Vicarage (which lies some way along the shore to the westward): for on returning she found a fishing-rod and creel on the settle of the inn-kitchen.

The creel had a luggage-label tied to it, and on the label was written "Sir W. Moyle." She had written to Sir Warwick about it more than a month ago, but had not heard from him in answer. [It turned out that Sir Warwick had left England, three days after the accident, on a yachting excursion to Norway.]

"And a cigar-case?" I asked. "You don't remember seeing a cigar-case?"

She shook her head, evidently puzzled. "I know nothing about a cigar-case," she said. "But you shall see the rod and fishing-basket."

She ran at once and fetched them. Now that rod and that creel (and the fly-book within it) have since been restored to Sir Warwick Moyle. He had left them in care of the station-master at M—, whence they had been missing since the day of the accident. It was suspected that they had been stolen, in the confusion that day prevailing at the little station, by some ganger on the relief-train.

The girl, I am convinced, was honest, and had no notion how they found their way to the kitchen of the Saracen's Head: nor—to be equally honest—have I.



THE VEHMGERICHT REVERSED: WHOSE ARE THE EYES?

DRAWN BY LUCIEN DAVIS, R.I.

Two players unknown to the audience are shrouded in newspapers, only their eyes being left visible through holes. The players then guess by candle-light to whom the eyes belong. The shrouded figures dimly resemble the veiled judges of the Vehmgericht, or secret tribunal of Westphalia.



## HE, SHE AND IT.

*A Weird Story of Life After Death.*

By CHARLES MARRIOTT. Illustrated by G. C. WILMSHURST.

THE death of Raymond Sylvester, of Prague, on January 15, 1897, was merely recorded in the English lay newspapers. There was a tiny paragraph in the more important medical journals to the effect that Immanuel Von Reichardt, Professor of Surgery in the

University of Vienna, had attended Sylvester's last moments, and himself performed an autopsy, removing the brain, according to Sylvester's dying request, "as a legacy to my wife." Editorial comment was confined to an expression of profound regret, and a short review of Sylvester's remarkable theories on the mechanism of consciousness. Of himself nothing was known beyond the mere fact that he was an Englishman by birth, who, after taking degrees of the Cambridge and London Universities, disappeared from this country. He had, apparently, neither practised nor held any public or professorial appointment in England.

In the month of April—that is to say, three months after Sylvester's death—Orme, editor of the *Psychological Review*, received a paper on a question then hot in the air, and purporting to have been written by Raymond Sylvester. From internal evidence it was impossible that it could have been composed during Sylvester's lifetime. The handwriting of the note accompanying the typed manuscript betrayed nothing, being, as in previous instances, that of a woman, presumably his wife. Orme wrote to the lady for an explanation; he received a civil reply, stating, "The communication is the work of Raymond Sylvester." This was, on the face of it, absurd, and Orme, a man of the highest discretion, hesitated to make use of an article of such doubtful authenticity. There were several possible solutions of the enigma.

(a) The paper had been drafted by Sylvester, with almost prophetic foresight, and afterwards adapted to the occasion by his widow, or some unknown assistant—possibly Von Reichardt.

(b) In spite of Von Reichardt's testimony, Sylvester was yet alive.

(c) Von Reichardt was Sylvester.

Orme inclined to c. He therefore approached Von Reichardt in a guarded letter, suggesting his collaboration, at least, in the paper on "Dual Personality." Von Reichardt, a man of aristocratic birth and haughty temper, resented the implication in terms that prevented further correspondence. In short, no solution was arrived at, and Orme, unwilling to neglect a paper of such value, made use of it, satisfying his professional scruples by printing the name of its author in inverted commas, "Raymond Sylvester."

At this time the chief English opponent of Sylvester's theories was Dr. James Monroe. His reply to the posthumous paper on Dual Personality came as a surprise to his colleagues, who had regarded him as a man of dignified, if somewhat ponderous character. On this occasion he betrayed a virulence of temper quite uncalled for by the subject under consideration, and evidently aroused by personal hostility to the dead man, whom he denounced as a charlatan and a mountebank. He allowed it to be understood that he had private reasons for his opinion, based upon an acquaintance with Sylvester before he left England. Monroe's polemic was generally accepted as final proof that the paper on Dual Personality was a discreditable compilation by some surviving disciple of Sylvester. Circumstances pointed to Von Reichardt; and when he himself died it was assumed that there would be no more Sylvester papers.

A few persons of imaginative turn were not satisfied with this arbitrary dismissal of the subject. Amongst them, Fergus Halloran, who was at this time Assistant Pathologist to the London County Council. Halloran was about thirty years of age, tall, and vividly handsome. His clean-cut features and virile movements gave the impression of great nervous energy: one felt that the outer man was moulded on a mind of singularly fine quality. In appearance, he suggested the poet rather than the man of science. Perhaps, by reason of his Celtic origin, he was a combination of the exact thinker and the dreamer; a type somewhat unusual in his profession, though it is, indeed, a question if the most important scientific discoveries are not, in their conception, intuitive rather than deductive. Halloran had already attracted some attention by his efforts towards the apparently hopeless task of localising the brain area concerned with purely intellectual processes. By some of the older men, Monroe in particular, he was looked upon as fanciful and unsound; though others, more perceptive, pointed out that, whatever might be said of Halloran's ideas, his methods

were unusually painstaking, and, since the meagre evidence from time to time collected seemed in support of his theories, he deserved at least serious consideration.

Less by temperament than of purpose Fergus Halloran was extremely methodical in the division of his days, and ascetic in his personal habits. He lived in quiet rooms in the older part of Hampstead. His laboratory duties took up the whole of his day; he dined at six and, every day, whatever the season, he took an hour's walking beforehand that his lonely meal might be salted with what human reflections he brought in from the street. For, unlike too many of his particular calling, he learned his psychology at first hand and from the average man and woman. One evening in the June following the death of Raymond Sylvester, Halloran was returning to his rooms by way of Railton Avenue when he met a woman whose face at once attracted him as a student. She looked about twenty-three, but matured as by some heavy responsibility. Halloran reflected on the comparative rareness of a serious expression: most people, most women especially, when unaware of notice, frown, simper, or gape. This girl looked straight ahead with a curious preoccupation of manner; such a look as one sees in the eyes of soldiers home from active service. Halloran carried



*With a sudden flame in her cheeks, turned impulsively and walked on.*

home an image of peculiar dignity. On a second meeting, three days later, he was disappointed by observing the girl hesitate as if she invited recognition. Halloran coloured with vexation and passed quickly. Like most men of ardent nature he required a fastidious standard of conduct in women, and any want of reserve afflicted him as a personal humiliation. There only needed one more encounter to convince Halloran that he had been unjust, and to change his critical notice into a serious interest. As they drew together the woman swerved and looked full in his face. She was on the point of speaking, but, with a sudden flame in her cheeks, turned impulsively and walked on. When it was too late to overtake her, Halloran found a key to her behaviour; her eyes, less under control than her tongue, were those of one asking assistance. He did not see the girl again for some days, and was ready to confess to an increasing anxiety, when one evening, as he sat after dinner, his landlady announced a visitor.

"It's the foreign lady, Sir, who lives alone in Raleigh Place," said the good woman, proud of her detailed information. Halloran went

downstairs, to find the object of his speculations. Her candid "Oh, you are Dr. Halloran?" did not contain any romantic promise, but when she added, "I am Mrs. Raymond Sylvester," Halloran opened his eyes. He placed a chair for his visitor, who, however, remained standing; she apparently found some difficulty in explaining her presence. To help her out with it, Halloran began, "Can I be of service to you?"

"Yes," she answered, as one repeating a lesson; "I shall be glad if you will come at once to my husband."

Halloran did not betray any surprise; indeed, there was that in the girl's clear eyes which implored discretion. He looked at his note-book, unnecessarily, except to imply that there was nothing unusual in her request, and said, "I will come with you now." Mrs. Sylvester gave a gasp of relief, and seated herself with an obvious failure of strength now that she had secured Halloran's assistance. She was on her feet immediately, mutely pleading him to make haste and spare her further words. Halloran called a cab, and they drove in silence to Raleigh Place.

The house named by Mrs. Sylvester withdrew from the road with an air of discretion. As he followed the lady through a small, tidy, though uncultivated garden, Halloran was afflicted by the inhospitable appearance of the house-front, not due to the actual structure, which belonged to an older period, when geniality was a builder's virtue. The house was of red brick, with an iron balcony outside the three first-floor windows, which were

permitting a maximum of light and air. The brilliant bareness of the apartment was uncanny and remote from human associations as the temple of some cheerless faith; this effect, indeed, was increased by the disposition of the heavy table and chairs, conducting the attention to an altar-like structure at the farther end of the room. Upon this pedestal stood apparently a gramophone. As they approached, Halloran observed several important modifications. The machine, though more compact, had not the weird economy of the usual pattern. There was less visible metal, but the finely-made cabinet work of the casing suggested an egg-shaped visceral cavity, measuring about a foot the longest way. With his hasty examination, it occurred to Halloran that as the ordinary gramophone put one in mind of a gigantic insect poised for flight, so this suggested a reptile newly fed. Externally, in addition to the large trumpet-like mouthpiece, there was on either side a cup-shaped receiver fantastically suggestive of an ear. The whole apparatus was supported by a cylindrical pedestal, having a cupboard door on the right-hand side. At a little distance were two standard candelabra of wrought iron, set as for an altar. As he stood before the machine, Halloran's eyes were caught and held by the cold scrutiny of a pair of lenses.

The Thing spoke.

"You are Dr. Fergus Halloran; I'm pleased to make your acquaintance. I am Raymond Sylvester."

Halloran kept his head. There was nothing impossible, he reflected, in



"Can I be of service to you?"

furnished with green-painted louvre shutters, now folded back against the wall. Though small, the place suggested an institution rather than a home; occupied, but inhuman; and not until Halloran stood upon the doorstep did he realise that the cause was a vacancy in the windows from the absence of curtains. When Mrs. Sylvester pulled the bell-handle, there was no answering sound within the house. This was explained when the door was opened by an old woman with the spiritless countenance of a deaf mute, whose German features also made clear the landlady's misconception of Mrs. Sylvester's nationality. Inside the door Mrs. Sylvester turned with a confiding gesture.

"I will ask you," she said, "not to show surprise or resentment at anything you may see or hear, but to treat my husband as if he were an ordinary patient."

Halloran bowed; he was about to explain that he was not a practising physician, but thought better of it and remained silent. Mrs. Sylvester led him upstairs and into a large room, uncarpeted, but covered with a neutral-toned linoleum upon which their footsteps were unheard. The walls, painted a chilly grey, were naked of pictures and searched in every corner by the unhindered light from the two windows opening on the balcony. The air, in spite of the season, was cold and dry, and Halloran felt his nostrils tingling with a keen antiseptic odour. What little furniture the room contained was unupholstered and finished off with rounded edges; there were no ornaments, and everything seemed arranged to deaden sound, while

the record having been prepared. The uncertain breathing of the woman at his elbow helped him to be calm.

"I assure you," continued the machine, "that nothing but absolute necessity drove me to consult you. Before going any further, will you kindly examine my mechanism, and I shall endeavour to explain what I want you to do. But I see you are under the natural impression that I am a practical joke. The shortest way out of that is to ask me a question—anything you like."

The Thing spoke in a thin, blaring voice, without modulation. Looking upon the apparatus, bathed in merciless light, Halloran was reminded of the stories of Memnonian sands, from which sounds are said to be evoked by the impact of the sun's rays. The absence of mystery in the surroundings of the room tried his nerves so that he was almost unwilling to dispel the idea of artifice.

"Name the bones of the *carpus*," said Halloran at random. The Thing repeated them correctly.

"I think you will admit the gramophone idea may be dismissed; though perhaps you are considering the possibility of Sylvester being concealed in another room, and this but an ingenious extension of his organs? No doubt you will take my wife's word. Irene, will you give Dr. Halloran the benefit of your opinion?"

"This," said Mrs. Sylvester, with an almost imperceptible shiver, "is Raymond Sylvester."

"It is a useful disguise," tittered the instrument, "but I do not wish to conceal myself from you: as I said, I want your assistance. Irene will guide you in a preliminary examination before we discuss the question of treatment."

The egg-shaped central casket opened in two halves, the lower containing a covered glass vessel, filled with a colourless solution in which trembled a human brain. A network of fine insulated wires connected the brain with what may be termed the external organs of the instrument. The brain was moored to the bottom of the vessel by a thicker wire disappearing into the pedestal. Another wire of the same diameter ascended to a small circular zinc plate resting upon the upper posterior surface of the brain. Mrs. Sylvester opened the door in the pedestal, exposing a battery of two cells. When she removed the elliptical glass plate sealing the vessel, Halloran was aware of a faint odour of chlorine.

"You observe that, essentially, I consist of a battery and a brain," said Sylvester; "the rest is mere mechanism." Halloran was so absorbed in his minute examination that the sudden voice caused him to start involuntarily.

"I see," said Sylvester drily, "that, in spite of your training, you are not yet rid of the common illusion about the so-called mystery of life. If you will consider the human body with an open mind, you will agree with me that it consists of a variety of inconvenient organs engaged ultimately in the production of energy, and of a more subtle apparatus converting that energy into thought and volition. I won't bore you now with a history of the experiments by which I arrived at the conclusion, obvious to any unprejudiced observer, that the clumsy appliances of nature, subject as they are to disease and decay, wasting the greater part of their efforts on their own support, can be replaced by any simple contrivance for the direct production of energy. To go a step further—life is energy in flower. You are, of course, acquainted with the general principles of electricity?"

Halloran assented.

"Then I need only remind you that interruption of the electric current gives rise to phenomena varying with the nature of the substance interpolated. With a filament of platinum wire you get incandescence; with a mass of grey matter, cerebration. It is entirely a question of molecular structure; the resisting matter translates into its own language, so to speak, the invariable energy supplied by the battery."

"But—" began Halloran.

"I see you are full of objections; with your permission, we will not consider them just now. It is sufficient that I am." It gave a short, cackling laugh. "Is it not miraculous that nobody stumbled on this before? The experiment—so admirably described by Poe—of electrifying a corpse has often been tried, and I am convinced that in most cases consciousness has been recalled; but owing to the clumsy method of application, and to the fact that the motor centres respond more readily to external stimulation, the subject has only been able to find expression in convulsions terrifying to the investigator. But to return to myself. For some weeks I have been conscious of a gradual diminution of mental energy. At first this did not cause me any alarm, but a chance remark of Irene's aroused suspicion which resulted in the discovery that I am being slowly poisoned. The fluid in which you find me is a solution of certain chlorides, carbonates, and phosphates, together with a sterilised organic substance. These are, of course, gradually decomposed by electrolysis, and the elements necessary to nutrition—the amount is much smaller than you would suppose, by the way—taken up by osmosis; but, according to my equation, there should be no free chlorine. I calculated on recombination. On testing the fluid with a hydrometer, Irene discovered that the specific gravity, instead of being increased—as one might suppose by evaporation—is actually several degrees lower than when the solution was first made up. Will you therefore undertake a series of experiments to correct these errors? Incidentally, I may observe, my discovery throws considerable light on the function of the chlorides in the blood of the living organism. There is also, by the way, a slight exudation of cholesterine in the sulci, which must either be prevented or periodically removed."

Halloran was conscious that, with his examination, curiosity receded and gave place to a feeling of disgust. It came to him that the important question was the tie between the apparatus and the silent woman by his side. She was the more vital by contrast with this questionable survival; and its existence was a wrong against her humanity. Halloran found himself engaged in an abstract argument. The Thing was absolutely in his power; supposing he destroyed it, would the act be murder? Raymond Sylvester was legally dead; there was Von Reichardt's written word for that. But then his consciousness survived: therefore Raymond Sylvester physiologically lived.

"You hesitate, I see," said Sylvester with a wheezy chuckle. "Let me tell you that I don't press you to undertake this—duty, shall I say? There are many good reasons why you should decline to interfere. Had Von Reichardt lived you would have been spared the privilege. I don't know whether you are above vanity, but, I may observe, I chose you out of the whole profession. We read the journals even in Vienna; and we recognise the open mind."

Halloran remained silent.

"The man is insatiable!" cried Sylvester. "Finally, then, I directed Irene to take a house here on purpose that she might be near you."

"I will undertake the experiment," said Halloran, shortly, coming out of his reverie. Sylvester laughed disagreeably.

"I congratulate you," he sneered, "upon your susceptible nature. For myself I am incapable of any emotional disturbance. You have heard of Pure Reason? That is the condition I have achieved. Formerly, as no doubt you have heard—with picturesque exaggeration—I was a man of strong passions. They don't trouble me now. Irene—will you give Halloran some tea?"

Halloran found conversation difficult. The sense of being watched oppressed him, and he was abrupt and awkward. The Thing simmered with humorous malice.

"You remember, Halloran, the gentleman in 'Wilhelm Meister' who carried his diminutive wife about in a box? For me the case is reversed, with harder conditions, for am I not in the hands of the most vindictive of creatures—a woman? How easy to neglect my battery; how innocently a wire corrodes and breaks—breaks of itself! And the happy widow bundles the remains out on the dust-heap, a broken toy."

Whatever, at this time, was the emotional attitude of Irene Sylvester towards Pergus Halloran, it is certain that she shared his embarrassment. Sylvester took no pains to conceal his entire apprehension of the situation. In a vague monologue, he deplored his helplessness, praising the virtue of a woman bound for life by no possible tie but that of abstract duty to a mere Thinking Machine. Here was, he alleged, the supreme effort of Platonism. He suggested her trials, her temptations, the possible birth of a new love, the intolerable yearning of a balked maternal instinct. In a word, he spared no thrust of calculated irony to torture his helpless victims.

"I am afraid, Halloran," he said, "you will not be flattered when I tell you the difficulty I found in persuading Irene to make your acquaintance. Really," he drawled, "I fail to understand her reluctance. You are—it you will pardon my frankness—by no means unattractive. But there's no understanding these women, is there? Perhaps, you know, it was only her artfulness; she wished to make sure of my being past help before she called you in. Her excuses afforded me infinite amusement. At last I flatly ordered her to bring you here. One would have supposed, would they not, that my need was ample excuse for ignoring these flimsy proprieties? Ah, well—no doubt she had her own very good reasons for delay."

This companionship of the pillory had the inevitable effect of deepening Halloran's feeling towards Irene. If he suffered, how much more did she! and was it not clearly his duty to stand by her? He had an example in her fearless quiet, her unflinching gravity; only a momentary come and go of colour, an uncontrollable quiver of nostril, betraying her tension. Besides, he argued, on purely scientific grounds his or some other man's assistance was indispensable; and, considering the situation, Halloran was a little inclined to congratulate everybody that the choice had not fallen upon a person of lower principles. That Sylvester expected his co-operation was evident.

"You shall be my Consciousness-physician," he said; "the terms?—well, no doubt, you will make your own terms with Irene. I shall not—indeed, I cannot—interfere should she err on the side of generosity. If you ever find me *de trop*, you have only to turn off my switches—Irene will show you the details—and I am a mere cipher; blind, deaf, a lump of inarticulate grey matter. And now, I think, we will excuse you. Irene, there are still a few points upon which Dr. Halloran requires illumination, notably the circumstances of my previous history; and I trust you will not allow your absurd scruples to stand in the way of a plain statement of facts. I have warmed both hands, Halloran, both hands."

On leaving the house, Halloran was annoyed by the spectacle of Monroe walking placidly towards him. There was no mistaking that bulky figure. Monroe affected a Quaker-like honesty, a sheer black and white in his dress. His large, pale face was fringed with a silvery whisker; a broad black bow set off so much of shirt-front as the stiff broadcloth of his waistcoat allowed. In spite of his own bigness, his clothes always looked a little too large for him, so that his manner of learned benevolence was marred by a memory of the butler. Yet only the quick eyes in a smiling, immovable face, the lifting of the figure on the toes at every footstep, warned a shrewd observer that Monroe's advertised honesty was a convenient formula. This evening he was apparently unaware of Halloran's approach until they actually met. He greeted him with a well-executed movement of suave surprise.

"Ah, my dear Halloran!" he cried effusively, "lightening, or, should I say sweetening, the arduous hours? That's right, that's right! Don't shut yourself up too closely. I frequently deplore my neglect of recreative pastimes in my younger days."

Halloran had the uneasy feeling that Monroe had passed and repassed the house while he was inside. He had not forgotten Monroe's answer to Sylvester's last publication: and he suspected that there was some reason other than solicitude for the honour of science to account for Monroe's attitude towards the writer. Halloran himself did not share the general opinion of Monroe. He questioned his theories; and it occurred to him that Sylvester's ostensible death removed a menace to Monroe's position as a scientific authority. Was it possible that Monroe did not feel satisfied that Sylvester was dead? Some weeks elapsed before Halloran was able to place the results of his experiments before Sylvester. During the interval he again encountered Monroe; this time in the company of others. The great man was disposed to be learnedly facetious.

"We must amend the classical division of all men into the followers of Plato or of Aristotle," he said. "There are also the Sylvestrians—not to be disregarded, I assure you; eh, Halloran?" But while his huge frame quivered all over with the jest, his anxious eyes were searching the young man's face for some admission. His manner convinced Halloran that Monroe was watching him; and on his next visit to Sylvester he told him what had occurred.

"Yes," said Sylvester complacently. "Monroe knows his master. He picked my brains before, but hadn't wit enough to make use of them, consequently he denied their value; now, he wants to pick them again to better purpose. I'm afraid, Irene," he added, cackling horribly, "that Monroe will feel it his duty to damage your reputation."

The appeal in Irene's eyes braced Halloran to the top of his honour. That he himself might suffer professionally from the association only increased his loyalty; and because he was so sure of himself and of her, he came blindly through loyalty to love. The sense of human wrong in Irene's position made his passion the more bitter; all reason but that of abstract and perhaps fantastic virtue was on the side of his heart. Halloran did not dally with temptation; indeed, he spent himself in fighting against the obvious truth that Irene was legally a free woman. He was maddened

by the fact that in suppressing himself as a lover he condemned her to suffering as a fellow-creature. Every day he learned of some fresh privation or indignity; the hideous selfishness of unhampered intellect was made clear in a dozen ways. Sylvester assumed the necessity for his wife's constant presence in the room except during the few hours he slept, when his sensory switches were turned off, and the current from the battery reduced to a minimum. Though the weather was now bitterly cold, he would not allow a fire in the room, and since an artificial light was, he alleged, a source of contamination to the air, Irene was compelled to shiver long hours in the dark. Sometimes it needed all Halloran's power of self-control to keep silent. He would find the patient woman pale and weary-eyed from hours of reading to her implacable master; for Sylvester had been cut off in the middle of his experiments, and, though he had completed the apparatus for sight, speech, and hearing, had not provided any means for turning over the leaves of a book. He was never tired of lamenting his untimely translation.

"Had I been allowed another year," he would say, "I should have produced an apparatus surpassing the human economy in all its functions.

and to the best of my belief there is only one man in Europe competent to help me. I take this opportunity to withdraw anything I have said, publicly or privately, in disparagement of—ah!—Mr. Sylvester. He is a wonderful man; where is he that I may make the acknowledgment I owe him?"

He paused for breath, fanning himself with his hat. Irene, white with anger, turned involuntarily to the machine. Monroe followed her glance with remarkable acuteness, considering his excited condition. Halloran interposed.

"Dr. Monroe," he began, "I regret that it is quite impossible for you to see—"

"He is alive then!" cried Monroe, with clumsy triumph, getting on his feet.

"I was about to observe that, for the moment, I have the honour to represent Raymond Sylvester," said Halloran coldly. Monroe grinned.

"I congratulate you, I'm sure," he said with a meaning glance from Irene to Halloran, "or should I rather congratulate Raymond Sylvester? It appears that he is unwilling to assist me. I may observe that an



*The Thing spoke.*

Just a group of sentient ganglia in a network of electric wires, transmuting the familiar current into thought and volition. The details of the motor mechanism were so trivial that I neglected them, concentrating all my powers on the more exacting sensory appliances. I pay the penalty. Bereft of movement, I am at the mercy of a pair of plotting creatures, either of whom could annihilate me by the turn of a hand."

For with the apparent success of Halloran's treatment he threw aside even the semblance of courtesy; and the hour of the young man's visit was consumed between displays of naked egoism and trenchant insinuation. It is remarkable that Sylvester made little use of his unique experience; whatever abnormal impressions he received he made no sign. It would appear, indeed, that such was his invincible malice that he was determined no benefit from his discovery should react upon the humanity he hated even when he properly had ceased to belong to it.

One day when Irene and Halloran were enduring a tedious diatribe from Sylvester they heard a one-sided altercation on the stairs. Old Miriam appeared in the doorway making strangled noises; but before Irene could speak Monroe pushed into the room.

"Mrs. Sylvester," he began in a loud voice, mopping his forehead, "you must pardon my intrusion, but I could not make that old fool understand my message." He sank uninvited into a chair, and lowering his voice to a convincing earnestness, continued. "I am in urgent need of assistance,

important life hangs in the balance, but I should be very sorry to intrude the claims of science, of humanity I might say, upon Mr. Sylvester's admirable domestic arrangements."

He backed with hideous politeness, though his eyes remained glued to the machine, and heavily descended the stairs.

"Halloran," observed Sylvester drily, "if Monroe comes here again I beg you will represent me by kicking him out of the house: I hate a clumsy liar."

Thus was added a new source of anxiety to both Irene and Halloran. Since there was no reason to suppose that Monroe would hold his tongue, Halloran suggested, as a bare act of justice to Irene, that a few persons of discretion should be admitted into the secret of Sylvester's existence. Sylvester would not hear of it.

"I fail to see," he said querulously, "why you two should not take an obvious advantage of the situation and marry. Nothing would be more to my benefit: for, with your inevitable return to sanity, I should again enjoy your undivided attention. At present I am a mere pretext. There is a practical reason that seems to have escaped you. I hesitate to say that I am immortal; but, since the greater part of me can be renewed indefinitely, it is probable that I shall outlive you both by many years. If you marry, there are certain possibilities; don't you think that so important a trust should be kept in the family, as a sort of household

god? You might even found an hereditary Priesthood to minister to the Thinking Machine."

Halloran was heartily weary of the whole business. Had Sylvester shown any moral or mental worthiness his personal suffering would have been more bearable. In the abstract, as a scientific duty, his task deserved the renunciation of every human affection; but that a noble woman should be made to suffer private insult and public suspicion for a mere *Struldbrug* was revolting. He dared not ask even himself what were Irene's feelings towards him: he dreaded even her gratitude. Indirectly, he learned many lessons, and his faith in the sufficiency of material science was mercifully shaken. There is nothing more cruel, nothing more anti-social, than pure reason: it is precisely by those indefinable instincts beyond logic that humanity holds together. So Halloran came to a dim conception of that something, the little more, whether soul or spirit, or, in homely language, "heart," that no analysis can isolate nor synthesis involve; by which alone man holds his proper place in the universe. The phrase "for the blood is the life," appealed to him with irresistible meaning. He learned that the generous colour of life is due to other qualities than those of the brain, and that those impulses, often condemned as a hindrance to reason, are indeed the compensations of humanity. In his life Sylvester had been brutal, but not ungenerous; he was now the embodiment of littleness. He grudged his uncomplaining wife the necessities of existence, overlooking her frugal housekeeping with pitiless regularity. Worry and confinement began to take effect, and Irene was fast being reduced to the lowest condition of health.

Halloran fretted and cursed in impotent fury as he saw her growing daily thinner and paler. Irene would not—and he found a perverse comfort in the fact—dared not allow him any privacy; and, beyond a few hurried words at the door, spoken with averted face, Sylvester had unhindered audience of all they said. The very ease with which they might have escaped their purgatory kept these two in constant sight of honour, and this was the more to their praise, since they received no credit for their steadfastness, but rather the reverse.

"Halloran," Sylvester would observe malignantly, "I don't think much of your enterprise. Why, in my time, with half your encouragement——" and then he would chuckle horribly over a long list of criminal reminiscences, sparing neither names nor details, until the cheeks of his wife were scorched with exquisite shame.

Towards Sylvester, Halloran behaved with quiet self-control, meeting his insults with dignified reserve. Only once did he lose his temper in the

On examination and the discovery of Irene's oversight, Halloran concluded that Sylvester had suffered an epileptic seizure. During the night his brain had become highly electrolysed; there being no outlet for the excess of energy through his organs of communication with the outside world. When consciousness had been restored by interrupted currents of gradually increasing force, Sylvester, vaguely aware of an accident, demanded an explanation. When Halloran told him what had happened, he at once taxed



*Halloran's attention was arrested by a paragraph.*

Irene with an attempt to destroy him, and suggested Halloran's complicity. Halloran cried out with anger, and moved blindly towards the instrument.

"A pair of ordinary gas-fitter's pliers, my dear Halloran; ordinary pliers," tittered Sylvester; "why this unnecessary waste of energy?"

Under the sway of Irene's eyes Halloran managed to control himself. He, however, assured Sylvester that if his accusations were repeated he would give up the responsibility of attending to him.

The end came with surprising suddenness, and from an unexpected quarter. Glancing idly over the columns of an evening paper, Halloran's attention was arrested by a paragraph headed:

#### THE BURGLAR AND THE GRAMOPHONE.

##### A NEW TERROR TO HOUSEBREAKERS.

This morning, between the hours of two and three, a burglary was committed at a house in Hampstead. The police-constable on duty in a road at the rear of the premises observed a man in the act of dropping over the garden-wall. He sounded his whistle, and immediately gave chase; but the burglar, whom he described as a stout, middle-aged man, of gentlemanly appearance, managed to evade pursuit, and, at the time of going to press, has not been apprehended. Among the articles in Mrs. Sylvester's drawing-room was a valuable gramophone. This on investigation was found to have been entirely destroyed by the midnight visitor. It is surmised that, feeling his way about the room, the burglar by some means or other set the instrument in action, and, in a paroxysm of fear, destroyed it.

Halloran went at once to Raleigh Place. Mrs. Sylvester met him with embarrassment that caused him to hope wildly. Yet to the last the man of science asserted himself in anxiety for the fate of Raymond Sylvester.

"Not here," pleaded Irene as Halloran was about to enter the gaunt room where the instrument had lived. She led him into a tiny sitting-room, comfortable, but apparently her own.

"Tell me what has happened," he said. "Can I do nothing—is there no possibility of repair?" She covered her face with her hands.

"Don't speak of it," she murmured; "it was horrible. If it would have been of any use, I would have sent for you at the time."

"Then I will leave you," he said hesitatingly. She burst into tears. When it was possible for them to speak calmly, Irene told him what she knew. Always a light sleeper, she had been awakened by a confused cry from the instrument, followed by the smashing of glass. She ran into the room just in time to hear a scuffling sound as some person dropped from the balcony and ran round the side of the house. Mrs. Sylvester got a light and examined the instrument. The case had been forced open, the glass receiver smashed, and the brain itself irreparably injured.

"I think," she said in conclusion, "that the man intended merely to examine the machine, for I found that the battery cells had been carefully lifted out on the floor. Then, I suppose, he switched on the voice connection, and in his fright struck a violent blow at random."

"Then," said Halloran, "it could not have been an ordinary burglar."

Irene hesitated. "Will you promise to make no attempt to trace the man? The police are not likely to find him unless you or I give them a clue."

"Certainly I will promise what you wish; but I don't understand——"

"I think you will understand, perfectly." Irene opened a drawer in the table and took out something.

"This," she said, "is what the man used to force open the case and smash the glass vessel. I picked it up from the floor just before the policeman came." It was a small steel chisel such as is used in the post-mortem room. Rudely engraved upon it was the name of its owner—"James Monroe."

THE END.



*Greeted him with a well-executed movement of suave surprise.*

presence of the instrument. To prevent unnecessary wear and tear of the brain substance, he had improved the connection with the battery, so that the current could be regulated with a corresponding increase or diminution of cerebral activity. This, of course, made a slight complication in the duties of the person attending the machine. Instead of only one change between the full action of the brain and sleep, there were now several degrees, indicated by a needle and dial. One evening, tired and dazed with her vigil, Irene switched off the sensory appliances as usual; but, instead of reducing the current to the "by-pass" for the night, left the supply-switch in an intermediate position. On making the external connections in the morning, she was alarmed by a stutering shout from the instrument, and, immediately afterwards, dead silence, with apparent cessation of life. She at once sent for Halloran, who, fortunately, had not yet started for his laboratory

# Nursery Rhymes and Tales from Dog Land.

IN FOUR PARTS.



L-BAA-BAA, BLACK SHEEP.

DRAWN BY CECIL ALDIN

NURSERY RHYMES AND TALES FROM DOG LAND.



II.—THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

DRAWN BY CECIL ALDIN

NURSERY RHYMES AND TALES FROM DOG LAND.



III.—DING, DONG, BELL, PUSSY'S IN THE WELL.

DRAWN BY CECIL ALDIN.

NURSERY RHYMES AND TALES FROM DOG LAND.



IV.—JACK, THE GIANT-KILLER.

DRAWN BY CECIL ALDIN.

# The Cat

By E. F. Benson

Illustrations by  
W. Russell Flint

A

Story of

Weird

Psychology.

MANY people will doubtless remember that season at the Royal Academy, which came to be known when Dick Alingham vaulted, with out of the crowd of strugglers, and admirably certain poise, on the very topmost pinnacle of contemporary fame. He exhibited three portraits, each a masterpiece, which killed every picture within range. But since, that year, nobody cared anything for any pictures, whether in or out of range, except those three, this did not signify so greatly. The phenomenon of his appearance was as sudden as that of the meteor, coming from nowhere and sliding large and luminous across the remotely star-sown sky, as inexplicable as the bursting of a spring on some dust-ridden rocky hillside. Some fairy godmother, one might conjecture, had bethought herself of her forgotten godson, and, with a wave of her wand, bestowed on him this transcendent gift. But, as the Irish say, she held her wand in her left hand, for her gift had another side to it. Or perhaps, again, Hugh Merwick is right, and the theory he propounds in his monograph, "On Obscure Lesions of the Nerve-centres," says the final word on the subject.

Dick Alingham himself, as was indeed natural, was delighted with his fairy godmother or his obscure lesion (whichever was responsible), and (the monograph spoken of above was written after Dick's death) confessed frankly to his friend Merwick, who was still struggling through the crowd of rising young medical practitioners, that it was all quite as inexplicable to himself as it was to anyone else.

"All I know about it," he said, "is that last autumn I went through two months of mental depression so hideous that I thought again and again that I must go off my head. For hours daily I sat here, waiting for something to crack, which as far as I was concerned would end everything. Yes, there was a cause—you know it."

He paused a moment, and poured into his glass a fairly liberal allowance of whiskey, filled it half up from a syphon, and lit a cigarette. The cause, indeed, had no need to be enlarged on, for Merwick quite well remembered how the girl Dick had been engaged to threw him over with an abruptness that was almost superb when a more eligible suitor made his appearance. The latter was certainly very eligible indeed, with his good looks, his title, and his million of money; and Lady Madingley—ex-future Mrs. Alingham—was perfectly content with what she had done. She was one of those blonde, lithe, silken girls, who, happily for the peace of men's minds, are rather rare, and who remind one of some humanised yet celestial and bestial cat.

"I needn't speak of the cause," Dick continued; "but, as I say, for those two months I soberly thought that the only end to it would be madness. Then one evening when I was sitting here alone—I was always sitting alone—something did snap in my head. I know I wondered, without caring at all, whether this was the madness which I had been expecting, or whether (which would be preferable) some more fatal breakage had happened. And even while I wondered, I was aware that I was not depressed or unhappy any longer."

"Well?"

"It was well indeed. I haven't been unhappy since. I have been

remember that season not so very long ago, as Alingham's year, one bound, as it were, seated himself, with

riotously happy instead. Some divine doctor, I suppose, just wiped off that stain on my brain that hurt so. Heavens, how it hurt! Have a drink, by the way?"

"No, thanks," said Merwick. "But what has all this got to do with your painting?"

"Why, everything. For I had hardly realised the fact that I was happy again when I was aware that everything looked different. The colours of all I saw were twice as vivid as they had been; shape and outline were intensified too. The whole visible world had been dusty and blurred before, and seen in a half-light. But now the lights were turned up, and there was a new heaven and a new earth. And in the same flash, I knew that I could paint things as I saw them. Which," he concluded, "I have done."

There was something rather sublime about this, and Merwick laughed.

"I wish something would snap in my brain, if it kindles the perceptions in that way," said he. "But it is just possible that the snapping of things in one's brain does not always produce just that effect."

"That is possible. Also, so I gather, things don't snap unless you have gone through some such hideous period as I had been through. And I tell you frankly that I wouldn't go through that again even to ensure a snap that would make me see things like Titian."

"What did the snapping feel like?" asked Merwick.

Dick considered a moment.

"Do you know when a parcel comes, tied up with string, and you can't find a knife," he said, "and therefore burn the string through, holding it taut? Well, it was like that: quite painless, only something got weaker and weaker, and then went. Not very lucid, I'm afraid, but it was just like that."

He turned away, and hunted among the letters and papers which littered his writing-table, till he found an envelope with a coronet on it. He chuckled to himself as he took it up.

"Commend me to Lady Madingley," he said, "for a brazen impudence in comparison with which than putty. She wrote to asking me if I would portrait I had begun of and let her have it at my

"Then I think you lucky escape," remarked suppose you didn't even

"Oh yes, I did: why the price would be two thousand and I was ready to go on has agreed, and sent me for a thousand this

brass is softer me yesterday, finish the her last year, own price." have had a Merwick. "I answer her." not? I said sand pounds, at once. She a cheque evening."



"Commend me to Lady Madingley for a brazen impudence."

Merwick stared at him in blank astonishment. "Are you mad?" he asked. "I hope not, though one can never be sure about little points like that. Even doctors like you don't know exactly what constitutes madness."

Merwick got up.

"But is it possible that you don't see what a terrible risk you run?" he asked. "To see her again, to be with her like that, having to look at her—I saw her this afternoon, by the way, hardly human—may not that so

easily revive again all that you felt before? It is too dangerous: much too dangerous."

Dick shook his head.

"There is not the slightest risk," he said; "everything within me is utterly and absolutely indifferent to her. I don't even hate her: if I hated her, there might be a possibility of my again loving her. As it is, the thought of her does not arouse in me any emotion of any kind. And really such stupendous calmness deserves to be rewarded. I respect colossal things like that."

He finished his whiskey as he spoke, and instantly poured himself out another glass.

"That's the fourth," said his friend.

"Is it? I never count. It shows a sordid attention to uninteresting detail. Funnily enough, too, alcohol does not have the smallest effect on me now."

"Why drink then?"

"Because if I give it up this entrancing vividness of colour and clarity of outline is a little diminished."

"Can't be good for you," said the doctor.

Dick laughed.

"My dear fellow, look at me carefully," he said, "and then if you can conscientiously declare that I show any signs of indulging in stimulants, I'll give them up altogether."

Certainly it would have been hard to find a point in which Dick did not present the appearance of perfect health. He had paused, and stood still a moment, his glass in one hand, the whiskey-bottle in the other, black against the front of his shirt, and not a tremor of unsteadiness was there. His face, of wholesome sun-burnt hue, was neither puffy nor emaciated, but firm of flesh and of a wonderful clearness of skin. Clear, too, was his eye, with eyelids neither baggy nor puckered; he looked indeed a model of condition, hard and fit, as if he was in training for some athletic event. Little and active, too, was his figure; his movements

however small, of any disorder of the nerves. Yet Dick was altogether an abnormal fellow; the history he had just been recounting was abnormal—those weeks of depression followed by the sudden snap in his brain which had apparently removed, as a wet cloth removes a stain, all the memory of his love and of the cruel bitterness that followed. Abnormal, too, was his



"It's so like you, but it just isn't you."

sudden leap into high artistic achievement from a platform of very mediocre performance. Why should there, then, not be a similar abnormality here?

"Yes, I confess you show no sign of taking excessive stimulant," said Merwick. "But if I attended you professionally—oh, I'm not touting—I should make you give up all stimulant and go to bed for a month."

"Why, in the name of goodness?" asked Dick.

"Because, theoretically, it must be the best thing you could do. You had a shock: how bad, your weeks of depression tell you. Well, common-sense says, 'Go slow after a shock: recoup.' Instead of which you go very fast indeed, and produce. I grant it seems to suit you; you also became suddenly capable of feats which—oh, it's sheer nonsense, man!"

"What's sheer nonsense?"

"You are. Professionally, I detest you, because you appear to be an exception to a theory that I am sure must be right. Therefore, I have got to explain you away, and at present I can't."

"What's the theory?" asked Dick.

"Well, the treatment of shock first of all. And secondly, that in order to do good work one ought to eat and drink very little and sleep a lot. How long do you sleep, by the way?"

Dick considered.

"Oh, I go to bed about three usually," he said. "I suppose I sleep for about four hours."

"And live on whiskey, and eat like a Strasbourg goose, and are prepared to run a race to-morrow! Go away, or at least I will! Perhaps you'll break down, though. That would satisfy me. But even if you don't, it still remains quite interesting."

Merwick found it more than quite interesting, in fact; and when he got home that night he searched in his shelves for a certain dusky volume, in which he turned up a chapter called "Shock." The book was a treatise on obscure diseases and abnormal conditions of the nervous system. He had often read in it before, for in his profession he was a special student of the rare and curious. And the following paragraph, which had interested him much before, interested him more than ever this evening—

The nervous system also can act in a way that must always, even to the most advanced student, be totally unexpected. Cases are known, and well-authenticated ones, when a paralytic person has jumped out of bed on the cry of "Fire." Cases, too, are known when a great shock, which produces depression so profound as to amount to lethargy, is followed by abnormal activity, and the calling into use of powers which were previously unknown to exist, or, at any rate, existed in a quite ordinary degree. Such a hyper-sensitized state, especially since the desire for sleep or rest is very often much diminished, demands much stimulant in the way of food and alcohol. It would appear also that the patient suffering from this rare form of the after-consequences of shock has sooner or later some sudden and complete breakdown. It is impossible, however, to conjecture what form this will take. The digestion, however, may become suddenly atrophied, delirium tremens may, without warning, supervene, or he may go completely off his head. . . .

But the weeks passed on, the July sun made London reel in a haze of heat, and yet Alingham remained busy, brilliant, and altogether exceptional. Merwick, unknown to him, was watching him closely, and at present was completely puzzled. He held Dick to his word that if he



The book was a treatise on obscure diseases.

were quick and precise, and even Merwick with his doctor's eye, trained to detect any symptom, however slight, in which the drinker must betray himself, was bound to confess that no such was here present. His appearance contradicted it authoritatively, so also did his manner: he met the eye of the man he was talking to without sideways glances; he showed no signs,

could detect the slightest sign of over-indulgence in stimulant he would cut it off altogether, but he could see absolutely none. Lady Madingley, meantime, had given him several sittings, and in this connection again Merwick was utterly mistaken in the view he had expressed to Dick as to the risks he ran. For, strangely enough, the two had become great friends. Yet Dick was quite right: all emotion with regard to her on his part was dead: it might have been a piece of still-life that he was painting, instead of a woman he had wildly worshipped.

One morning in mid-July she had been sitting to him in his studio, and, contrary to custom, he had been rather silent, biting the ends of his brushes, frowning at his canvas, frowning, too, at her. Suddenly he gave a little impatient exclamation.

"It's so like you," he said, "but it just isn't you. There's a lot of difference! I can't help making you look as if you were listening to a hymn; one of those in four sharps, don't you know, written by an organist, probably after eating muffins. And that's not characteristic of you."

She laughed.

"You must be rather ingenious to put all that in," she said.

"I am."

"Where do I show it all?"

Dick sighed.

"Oh, in your eyes, of course," he said. "You show everything by your eyes, you know. It is entirely characteristic of you. You are a throw-back—don't you remember we settled that ever so long ago?—to the brute creation, which likewise shows everything by their eyes."

"Oh-h! I should have thought that dogs growled at you, and cats scratched."

"Those are practical measures, but short of that you and animals use their eyes only; whereas people use their mouths and foreheads and other things. A pleased dog, an expectant dog, a hungry dog, a jealous dog, a disappointed dog—one gathers all that from their eyes. Their mouths are comparatively immobile, and a cat's is even more so."

"You have often told me that I belong to the genus cat," said Lady Madingley, with complete composure.

"No, thanks. Now when will you want me to give you the final sitting? You said you only wanted one more."

Dick helped himself.

"Well, I go down to the country with this," he said, "to put in the background I told you of. It will take me three days' hard painting, with lack, and a week without. Oh, my mouth waters at the thought of the background! So shall we say to-morrow week?"

Lady Madingley made a note of this in a minute gold and jewelled memorandum-book.

"And I am to be prepared to see cat's eyes painted there instead of my own when I see it next?" she asked, passing by the canvas.

Dick laughed.

"Oh, you will hardly see the difference," he said. "How odd it is that I always have detested cats so! they make me feel actually faint, although you always reminded me of a cat."

"Ah, you must ask your friend Mr. Merwick about these metaphysical mysteries," said she.

The background to the picture was at present only indicated by a few rough splashes close to the side of the head of brilliant purple and brilliant green, and the artist's mouth might well water at the thought of the few days' painting that lay before him. For behind the picture in the long, panel-shaped canvas was to be painted a green trellis, over which, almost hiding the woodwork, there was to sprawl a great purple clematis in full flaunting glory of varnish and starry flower. At the top would be just a strip of pale summer sky, at her feet just a wash of grey-green grass, but all the rest of the background, greatly daring, would be this diaper of green and purple. For the purpose of putting this on, he was

going down to a small cottage of his near Godalming, where he had put up in the garden a sort of outdoor studio, an erection betwixt a room and a mere shelter, with the side to the north entirely open, and flanked by this green trellis, which was now one immense constellation of purple stars. Framed in this, he knew well how the strange pale beauty of his sitter



"No drink of any kind on this Sahara of a morning?"



Turned two shining luminous orbs on him.

"Yes. Perhaps looking at the eyes of a cat would help me to see what I miss. Many thanks for the hint."

He put down his palette and went to a side-table on which stood bottles and ice and syphons.

"No drink of any kind on this Sahara of a morning?" he asked.

would glow on the canvas, how she would start out of the background, she and her huge grey hat, and shining grey dress and yellow hair and ivory white skin and pale eyes, now blue, now grey, now green. This was indeed a thing to look forward to; for there is probably no such unadulterated rapture known to men as creation, and it was small wonder that Dick's mood as he travelled down to Godalming was buoyant and effervescent. For he was going, so to speak, to realise his creation; every purple star of clematis, every green leaf and piece of trellis-work

that he put in, would cause what he had painted to live and shine, just as it is the layers of dusk that fall over the sky at evening which make the stars to sparkle there, jewel-like. His scheme was assured: he had hung his constellation—the figure of Lady Madingley—



*He knew he was right.*

in the sky; and now he had to surround it with the green and purple night, so that it might shine.

His garden was but a circumscribed plot, but walls of old brick circumscribed it, and he had dealt with the space at his command with a certain originality. At no time had his grass-plot (you could scarcely call it "lawn") been spacious; now the outdoor studio, twenty-five feet by thirty, took up the greater part of it. It had a solid wooden wall on one side and two trellis walls to the south and east, which creepers were beginning to clothe, and which were faced internally by hangings of Syrian and other Oriental work. Here in the summer he passed the greater part of the day, painting or idling, and living an outdoor existence. The floor, which had once been grass, which had withered completely under the roof, was covered with Persian rugs; a writing-table and a dining-table were there, a book-case full of familiar friends, and a half-dozen of basket-chairs. One corner, too, was frankly given up to the affairs of the garden, and a mowing-machine, a hose for watering, shears, and spade stood there. For, like many excitable persons, Dick found that in gardening, that incessant process of plannings and designings to suit the likings of plants and make them gorgeous in colour and huge of growth, there was a wonderful calm haven of refuge for the storm-tossed brain. Plants, too, were so receptive, so responsive to kindness; thought given to them was never thought wasted, and to come back now after a month's absence in London was to be assured of fresh surprise and pleasure in each foot of garden-bed. And here, with that regal generosity was the purple clematis to repay him for the care lavished on it. Every flower would show its practical gratitude by standing model for the background of his picture.

The evening was very warm—warm not with any sultry premonition of thunder, but with the clear, clean heat of summer; and he dined alone in his shelter, with the after-flames of the sunset for his lamp. These slowly faded into a sky of velvet blue, but he lingered long over his coffee, looking northwards across the garden towards the row of trees that screened him from the house beyond. There were acacias, most graceful of all things that grow, summer-plumaged now, yet still fresh of leaf. Below them ran a

little raised terrace of turf, and, nearer, the beds of the beloved garden: clumps of sweet peas made an inimitable fragrance, and the rose-beds were pink with *Baroness Rothschild* and *La France*, and copper-coloured with *Beauté inconstante*, and the *Richardson* rose. Then nearer at hand was the green trellis foaming with purple.

He was sitting there, hardly looking, but unconsciously drinking in this great festival of colour, when his eye was arrested by a dark slinking form that appeared among the roses, and which suddenly turned two shining luminous orbs on him. At this he started up, but his movement caused no perturbation in the cat, which continued, with back arched for stroking and poker-like tail, to advance towards him, purring. As it came closer, Dick felt that shuddering faintness which affected him in the presence of cats come over him, and he hissed and clapped his hands. At this it turned tail quickly: a sort of dark shadow streaked the garden-wall for a moment, and it vanished. But its appearance had spoiled for him the sweet spell of the evening, and he went indoors.

The next morning was pellucid summer: a faint north wind blew, and a sun worthy to illumine the isles of Greece flooded the sky. Dick's dreamless and for him long sleep had banished from his mind that rather disquieting incident of the cat, and he set up his canvas facing the trellis-work and purple clematis with a huge sense of imminent ecstasy. Also the garden, which at present he had only seen in the magic of sunset, was gloriously rewarding and glowed with colour, and though life—this was present to his mind for the first time for months—in the shape of Lady Madingley had not been very propitious, yet a man, he argued to himself, must be a very poor hand at living if, with a passion for plants and a passion for art, he cannot fashion a life that shall be full of content. So, breakfast being finished and his model ready and glowing with beauty, he quickly sketched in the broad lines of flowers and foliage and began to paint.

Purple and green, green and purple: was there ever such a feast for the eye? Gourmand-like, he was utterly absorbed in it. He was right, too: as soon as he put on the first brush full of colour he knew he was right. It was just those divine and violent colours which would cause his figure to step out from the picture; it was just that pale strip of sky above which would focus her again; it was just that strip of grey-green grass below her feet which would prevent her, so it seemed, actually leaving the canvas. And with swift, eager sweeps of the brush, which never paused and never hurried, he lost himself in his work.

He stopped at length with a sense of breathlessness, feeling, too, as if he had been suddenly called back from some immense distance off. He must have been working some three hours, for his man was already laying the table for lunch, yet it seemed to him that the morning had gone by in one flash. The progress he had made was extraordinary, and he looked long at his picture. Then his eye wandered from the brightness of the canvas to the brightness of the garden beds. There, just in front of the bed of sweet-peas, not two yards from him, stood a very large grey cat, watching him.

Now the presence of a cat was a thing that usually produced in Dick a feeling of deadly faintness, yet at this moment, as he looked at the cat and the cat at him, he was conscious of no such feeling, and put down the absence of it, in so far as he consciously thought about it, to the fact that he was in the open air, not in the atmosphere of a closed room. Yet last night out here, the cat had made him feel faint. But he hardly



*He threw the glass he carried at the cat.*

gave a thought to this, for what filled his mind was that he saw in the rather friendly, interested look of the beast, that expression in the eye which had so baffled him in his portrait of Lady Madingley. So, slowly, and without any sudden movement that might startle the cat, he reached out

his hand for the palette he had just put down, and, in a corner of the canvas not yet painted over, recorded, in half-a-dozen swift intuitive touches, what he wanted. Even in the broad sunlight where the animal stood, its eyes looked as if they were internally smouldering as well as being lit from without: it was just so that Lady Madingley looked. He would have to lay colour very thinly over white.

For five minutes or so he painted with feverishly eager strokes, drawing the colour thinly over the background of white, and then looked long at that sketch of the eye to see if he had got what he wanted. Then he looked back at the cat which had stood so charmingly for him. But there was no cat there. That, however, since he detested them, and this one had served his purpose, was no matter for regret, and he merely wondered a little at the suddenness of its disappearance. But the legacy it had left on the canvas could not vanish thus; it was his own, a possession, an achievement. Truly this was to be a portrait which would altogether outdistance all he had ever done before. A woman, real, alive, wearing her soul in her eyes, should stand there, and summer riot round her.

An extraordinary clearness of vision was his all day, and towards sunset 'an empty whiskey-bottle. But this evening he was conscious, for the first time, of two feelings—one physical, one mental—altogether strange to him: the first an impression that he had drunk as much as was good for him; the second, a sort of echo in his mind of those tortures he had undergone in the autumn, when he had been tossed aside by the girl to whom he had given his soul, like a soiled glove. Neither were at all acutely felt; but both were present to him.

The evening altogether belied the brilliance of the day, and about six o'clock thick clouds had driven up over the sky, and the clear heat of summer had given place to a heat no less intense, but full of the menace of storm. A few big hot drops, too, of rain warned him further, and he pulled his easel into shelter, and gave orders that he would dine indoors. As was usual with him when he was at work, he shunned the distracting influences of any companionship, and he dined alone. Dinner finished, he went into his sitting-room, prepared to enjoy his solitary evening. His servant had brought him in a tray of drink, and till he went to bed he would be undisturbed. Outside the storm was moving nearer; the reverberation of the thunder, though not yet close, kept up a continual growl: any moment it might move up and burst above in riot of fire and sound.

Dick read a book for a while, but his thoughts wandered. The poignancy of his trouble last autumn, which he thought had passed away from him for ever, grew suddenly and strangely more acute; also his head was heavy, perhaps with the storm, but possibly with what he had drunk. So, intending to go to bed and sleep off his disquietude, he closed his book, and went across to the window to close that also. But halfway towards it he stopped. There on the sofa below it sat a large grey cat with yellow gleaming eyes. In its mouth it held a young thrush, still alive.

Then horror woke in him: his feeling of sick-faintness was there, and he loathed and was terrified at this terrible feline glee in the torture of its prey, a glee so great that it preferred the postponement of its meal to a shortening of the other. More than all, the resemblance of the eyes of this cat to those of his portrait suddenly struck him as something hellish. For one moment this all held him bound as if with paralysis; the next, his physical shuddering could be withstood no longer, and he threw the glass he carried at the cat, missing it. For one second the animal paused there, glaring at him with an intense and dreadful hostility; then it made one spring of it out of the open window. Dick shut it with a bang that startled himself, and then searched on the sofa and the floor for the bird which he thought the cat had dropped. Once or twice he thought he heard it feebly fluttering, but this must have been an illusion, for he could not find it.

All this was rather shaky business: so before going to bed he stretched himself, as his unspoken phrase ran, with a final drink. Outside the thunder had ceased, but the rain beat hissing on to the glass. Then another sound mingled with it, the mewling of a cat—not the long-drawn screeches and cries that are usual, but the plaintive calls of the beast that wants to be admitted into its own home. The blind was down, but after a while he could not resist peeping out. There on the window-sill was seated the large grey cat. Though it was raining heavily as he seemed dry, for it was standing stiffly away from its body. But when it saw him it spat at him, staring angrily at the glass, and vanished.

Lady Madingley . . . Heavens, how he loved her! And, infernally as she had treated him, how passionately he wanted her now! Was all his trouble, then, to begin over again? Had that nightmare dawned anew on him? It was the cat's fault: the eye of the cat had done it. Yet

just now all his desire was blurred by this dullness of brain that was as unaccountable as the reawakening of his desire.

For months now he had drunk far more than he had drunk to-day, yet evening had seen him clear-headed, acute, master of himself, and revelling in the liberty that had come to him, and in the cool joy of creative vision. But to-night he stumbled and groped across the room.

The neutral-coloured light of dawn awoke him, and he got up at once, feeling still very drowsy, but in answer to some silent imperative call. The storm had altogether passed away, and a lonely jewel of a morning star hung in a pale heaven. His room looked strangely unfamiliar to him; his own sensations were unfamiliar: there was a vagueness about things, a barrier between him and the world. One desire alone possessed him—to finish the portrait. All else, so he felt, he left to chance, or whatever laws regulate the world, those laws which choose that a certain thrush shall be caught by a certain cat; choose, also, one scapegoat out of a thousand, and let the rest go free.

Two hours later his servant went to call him and found him gone from his room. So, as the morning was so fair, he went out to lay breakfast in the shelter. The portrait was there; it had been dragged back into position by the clematis, but it was covered with strange scratches, as if the claws of some enraged animal, or the nails perhaps of a man, had furiously attacked it. Dick Allingham was there too, lying very still in front of the disfigured canvas. Claws also, or nails, had attacked him; his throat was horribly mangled by them. But his hands were covered with paint; the nails of his fingers, too, were choked with it.



*The portrait was there. . . . Dick Allingham was there too.*



THE SACK.

DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE.



A CONTRAST IN CHRISTMAS FARE; THE LUXURIOUS LIVER AND THE PLAIN MAN.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



THE PIXIES' VISIT: A CHRISTMAS-EVE VISION ON THE WAY TO BED.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.



BLOWING OUT THE CANDLE: WIDE OF THE MARK.

DRAWN BY H. H. FLEKE.

The game is to bring a player blindfold into the room, to turn him round, let him guess where the candle is, approach its supposed position, and blow. The puff takes effect in the unlikely places.



CHRISTMAS EVE IN BERLIN: THE CHRISTMAS-TREE MARKET IN THE STREETS.

DRAWN BY EDWARD CUCUPL.



"WILL HE FIND ME?"—EVADING THE UNDESIRABLE PARTNER.

DESIGNED BY LUCAS DAVY, R.I.

# FAGAN

By ROWLAND THOMAS.

This Story won the £1000 Prize in the Competition organised by "Collier's Weekly."

On February 1, 1901, "Collier's" announced that it would give three prizes, one of five thousand, one of two thousand, and one of one thousand dollars, for the best short story submitted under terms which ensured absolute anonymity in a competition to close June 1. Over eleven thousand authors, including many of the best-known writers in America, contributed more than two thousand stories during the four months in which the contest was open. By the predominant opinion of the judges, Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, Mr. Walter H. Page, and Mr. William Allen White—the first prize was awarded to Mr. Rowland Thomas's story, "Fagan," which is published here.

WHILE Fagan was still a kinky-haired youngster, clad only in the traditional shirt, a question forced itself on his attention. "Why ain't I got a pappy?" he asked his mother, and the great, deep-bosomed woman laughed the deep, melodious laugh of her race. "Lawszee, chile, I raickon you has. Mos' chillen has," she replied. "Who is my pappy?" persisted the child. The woman laughed again. "Lawszee, honey, how you spaik me to 'member that? I'se got other things to maimber, I raickon."

We couldn't expect much of a Fagan, born of that race and class, and he learned not to expect much of us. A bit of food, a bit of clothing, and a chance to roll around on the levee with the other pickaninnies, and bask in the sunshine and sniff the sweet-sour smells from the sugar-ships, sufficed him. For many years these pleasures were his for the taking. And as he grew older they still sufficed, with the addition of a little cheap tobacco and cheaper gin, and he found that a modicum of labour and a care never to offend one of the heaven-born white race would procure them. The labour was easy, for the son of the deep-bosomed, supple-limbed woman had grown, as the rank free growth of a swamp shoots up, into a great, broad, graceful man, to whom the toil of others was as play. And he was of a nature so easy-going and joyous and childish obliging that the heaven-born pointed him out with approval as "a nigger like we had before the war."

He might have lived on thus indefinitely, but one day over a lazy roll of the dice another black man took advantage of his known good nature. And Fagan, the kindly, felt a sudden, blinding desire to strike. The huge black fist shot out like lightning under the impulse of the supple, writhing muscles, and the other man dropped with a broken neck.

Then Fagan came to the Army. And the Army received him with joy. The surgeon's eye glistened with an artist's fervour as he thumped and kneaded the great perfect animal, and the wise old recruiting-sergeant guided the pen for him to sign his name. Thus he was made welcome in that most catholic of societies, which cares not a whit for your past, your present, or your future, so long as you have mind and body sufficient to obey orders.

But even this slight requirement was much for Fagan. His careless, soapless, buttonless existence was a poor training for the rigid minutiae of military life. And he was unfortunate in his immediate commander. Most of the officers of the Fifty-fourth were of the South, able to deal firmly yet kindly with the big black children committed to their charge. But Sharpe was new to the Army, the son of a small tradesman in the North, and had an exalted reverence for the regulations and his own rank. So when he discovered that the buttons of Fagan's blouse were uncleared, one morning at guard-mounting, he did not announce the fact impersonally, as an officer should. And Fagan, in serene ignorance of any law against immediate explanation replied with boyish, surprised chuckle, "Lawszee, Lootenant, I raickon I plumb forgot them buttons."

"That will do," snapped the officer. "Sergeant, put this man under arrest." Fagan followed to the guard-house, mildly expostulant. "He suah'd orter give me a fairah show," he said to his guard. "I was agwine to tell him. I didn't mean no hahm. All I wanted was a fayah show."

Thus began a series of petty persecutions. Fagan, with his good-nature, tried his best, but the Lieutenant would not be pleased. He was not a bad sort in intent, simply a common, weak, official bully. Such men usually resign early, or if they



On the levee.

linger on in the Service, learn to shun getting in advance of their men when there is firing going on. By the time the regiment was ordered to the Philippines, Fagan's record loomed black with five trials.

The campaigning brought relief. A man was required only to have his rifle in order and be on hand in condition to use it. The regiment spent weary days, dragging about like a slow snake under the burning sun, soaking and shivering in the mists of evening, till men began to sicken. But not Fagan. His melodious bellow would ring triumphant along the lines each night, "I'se been wo'okin' on the ra'alroad," and cheer the drooping men till the voices of the regimental wits were demanding, "Who's dat ar white man's got a ra'alroad?" And then one day the scouts reported that the main body of the enemy was near, that elusive body for which the regiment had been groping so long. After a little the snake broke out into a fan, and went crawling across a muddy rice-paddy toward a canebrake. Then a flight of strange drawing insects sang overhead, and, as always when firing is wild and high, some men in the reserve, 'way in the rear, lay down very suddenly. The merry bugles rattled, and the fan dissolved into a thin brown line of men who advanced swiftly to the edge of the brake, firing calmly as they went. And then all at once the brake was alive with dizzily flashing steel. A little brown man rose in front of Fagan, and a flash darted straight at his head. Instinctively his muscles reacted, and he ducked backward like a boxer. The bolo missed his head, but the sharp point, tearing downward, ripped through shirt and flesh on his breast. Fagan stared stupidly at the dripping red edges of the blue cloth till the sharp tingle of the flesh stirred him. As before, he felt a blinding impulse to strike, and whirled his heavy rifle in one hand, as a boy does a stick. He looked down at the quivering, moaning thing before him, and a mad joy of strength surged over him. A little way apart, a struggling group was weaving in and out, with darts of steel and quick flashes of rifles, and hoarse gruntings and cursings. He ran toward it, swinging his broken rifle round his head. "Come on, boys!" he shouted. "Come on—kill the damn niggers!"

From that day he was called Wild Fagan, and Fagan the Nigger-Killer, and, as the campaign progressed, his renown passed beyond the regiment. "Heard about that wild nigger in the Fifty-fourth?" asked the Cavalry, borrowing a pinch of Durham and a bit of paper from the Mountain Battery. "Don't sabbe fire his rifle, just butts in and swats 'em with it, like he was wantin' to play golf." The story grew till the Marines, returning from shore service, told the Fleet, half seriously, of a wild regiment come straight from Africa "what only knew how to fight with war-clubs." And Jacky, ever ready to believe, swore softly in admiration, and spat over the rail, and dreamed of meeting that regiment some night in Nagasaki, when everyone had had about seven drinks all round. Even the officers began to boast. "Oh, you mean our man Fagan," the Colonel would say to the guests at mess. "Yes, he's a good man. Expensive—a rifle lasts him about a day when things are lively—but efficient. Yes, highly efficient. The natives are beginning to dodge the regiment. Yes, I'll let you see him after dinner. Finest build of a man you ever laid eyes on. Like a cat, you know, like a cat and a grizzly rolled into one."

And Fagan through it all was unchanged, good-natured, childlike as ever. He was even a bit ashamed of his strength. "That little scrap down by the bridge?" he would say to a group of admiring men. "Oh, that all wa'n't nothin'." That big Fillypeeno? Yes, I hit him. Yes, I raickon I suah smashed him," he would muse, with his slow smile. "Yes, I broke ma gun on him. Anybody got any tobacco? I nevali could keep no tobacco."

"All I'm lookin' for is just a fayah show."



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It was after the fighting was done and the regiment went into stations of companies in the villages that the change began to come. The men, keyed to exertion and excitement, found the idleness of barrack life at first pleasant, then irksome. And they were at home in these sunny islands, far more at home than ever in the States. They read the freedom of the land in the burning sky, and the clicking palms, and the lazy air. Above all, they read it in the dark, admiring eyes of the brown, slim, soft-moving girls. The men began to be absent at check roll-call at Taps.

At such a time all the wisdom and tact of an officer is needed. Too great easiness means loss of control; harshness means desertion. For a time Lieutenant Sharpe did very well. He overlooked what he could, and was unangered in his firmness when he must be firm. But nature and fixed habit soon overcame him, and Fagan was naturally the chief sufferer, for the officer had grown into the fixed belief that Fagan was the probable cause of every misdemeanour in the company. So it was a reprimand, and then another sharper, and then the summary court—where the Lieutenant was prosecutor and jury and judge—sentenced Fagan to the loss of a month's pay for attempting to "run the guard" at some unearthly hour of the night. Within a week he repeated the offence, and the Lieutenant, with the fear of God and the regulations in his heart, but wondrous small understanding in his head, sentenced him to "a month and a month." A month of confinement will give any man much time for reflection, and the Lieutenant hoped it would prove salutary. Fagan received his sentence with ominous lack of his former protestations, and went quietly to the guard-house. But as he was neither an accomplished thinker nor an expert in moral theory, he merely sat there and brooded. "All I'm lookin' for is just a tayah show," he told himself over and over. "He use me right an' I'll use him right. Ain't I the best fightin' man in the regiment, ain't the Kuhnel done said so, plenty o' times? An' all I want is just a little good time, now there ain't any fightin' When they's fightin' I'll be there. But that little Lootenant — Lawssee, how I could smash him!—all I want is jus' a straight deal." Fagan emerged at the end of his month still a child, but a sullen child, moping over a bitter sense of injustice.

"I ain't never gwine to stav in theah anothah night," he told his friend the Sergeant. "All I want is a fair deal, an' I'll use everybody straight, but no one ain't gwine to keep me in theah again." The Sergeant, wise as most old soldiers, answered nothing. If the Lieutenant and Wild Fagan wanted to fight it out, it was no affair of the Sergeant's.

But Fagan, over the drinks, repeated his complaint to other men, who regarded it as a threat and waited joyously for the clash, and were surprised and disappointed when Fagan went quietly to the guard-house once again, placed there to await the sitting of a general court-martial. But the quietness was only because Fagan was learning to plan. When the silence of midnight came, he stole over to an inner window, braced a shoulder and a knee, and the rusted bars yielded silently. He crept upstairs to his squad-room, and took the rifle and the belt, heavy with two hundred rounds of ammunition, from the head of his bunk, and crept as silently down. He tried to steal by the guard at the gate, but the man turned and levelled his rifle, hardly six feet away. "Halt! Who goes there?" he challenged, with the mechanical lilt of the sentry. "You min' you' business, Sam, an' I'll tend to mine," growled Fagan. But the man persisted, though with a tremor in his voice, "You halt, Fagan. Ah've got to find—" Fagan gripped his rifle by the muzzle and stepped swiftly

toward the levelled one. "You git out o' heah, Sam," he said. "Git out, or I'll smash you." The sentry dropped his rifle. "Ah ain't nevah troubled youall," Fagan," he whined. "Ah'm a friend o' youall. You lait me alone. He sank to his knees. "You lait me alone. Don't you touch me, don't you touch—" His voice rose to a shriek, but he was talking to empty air. Fagan had picked up the extra rifle and slipped away toward the town.

"Ah couldn't he'ep it, Sah; he done come up out o' the dahk with his eyes a-buhnin', an' he says, 'Ah'll maash yo', Sam.' Ah couldn't he'ep it. Ah've seen him maash these yere Fillypeenos." Thus the sentry to the Lieutenant next morning, with heartfelt earnestness. "Ah wouldn't cared if he was gwine to shoot, but he comes a-grinnin', an' he says, 'Ah'll maash you, Sam.' That's what he says, an' he'd 'a' done it," he explained later to a group of sympathising men. "Ah don't mind gittin' shot, but Ah suah don't wantir git

maashed. So Ah dropped mah rifle. Ah've seen him maash these Fillypeenos. He ain't a man, he's a plumb born devil," and Sam wiped the sweat-drops from his throat with the back of his big shaking hand.

Then ensued many tentative pushings at the bars, to prove that no two mere men could spring them back into position, and many side-long glances at Fagan's ownerless cot and the chest that stood beside it, closed and mysterious. When the men turned in no one objected that Sam placed a lighted candle on it. "They don't come roun' wheah it's light," he explained vaguely to the room, and everyone knew what "they" meant. Even the Sergeant, coming through at roll-call, apparently did not see the forbidden light.

And now the U. S. A. lapsed into a state of hysteria which often amused and puzzled those who witnessed it. It became haunted by a big black man who mashed people instead of shooting them decently. There happened to be a recrudescence of fighting, and the Army imputed it to Fagan. He, poor, stupid, brooding child, became a tactician, a strategist, a second De Wet of guerilla warfare.

"I have the honour to report," wrote young Shavetail to the A. G. O., "a sharp engagement, wherein the enemy hindered the development of my flanking movement by—unusual brilliancy for native leaders—honour to suggest—deserter Fagan rumoured to be in vicinity."

"Scouts report"—wired Major Oakleaf—"two hours' ride south-east of camp—huge negro—honour to request description renegade Fagan."

"We're out a-gunnin' for a big buck nigger answers to the name of Fagan," said Mountain Battery to

Cavalry, borrowing back the cigarette and a match to boot. "He's seen up backhere in the foothills last night."

"Wire through this mornin'," jeered Signal Corps, "reportin' him up Cagayan way, an' yesterday he was down in Batangas. He must hike light."

"Well, he's sure a lively nigger from all I hear," said Cavalry judiciously. "Some one'll get hurt bad 'fore they get him."

"He'll maybe get hurt a bit himself, just a shade, if this old girl falls on him," laughed Mountain Battery, patting the nose of a vicious little shell in the pack-saddle. "Ho' still, you old mule-horse, you. Don't you try to kick me."

So the little armies marched and sweated, and the wires carried bulletins to every little post: "Inform troops and natives—renegade Fagan, deserter Fifty-fourth—very big black negro, age twenty-one, large bolo scar on breast—five hundred dollars, alive or dead." And all the while Fagan was living quietly with the girl who had been the chief cause of all his insubordination in a little mountain village not fifty miles from the place where his ghost first rose



*The snug little house at the end of the sleepy grass-grown street.*



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and called for lighted candles. The reports of his evil fame brought him no joy. "Why don't they let us alone?" he complained to Patricia. "I never hurt them, and if they don't trouble us, we won't trouble them. Eh, Patsi?" and he swept the slender girl up to his shoulder. "Pooh," cried Patricia, disdainfully, from her height, "what do we care for them? You will kill them all, won't you?" She pinched the great supporting arm with a sigh of satisfaction. "Hoh, there's Enrique's cock fighting with Juan's. Let's go and watch them." And as they walked down the narrow grassy street the people stepped aside with cheerful smiles, for all the world like the dusty pickaninnies on the levee when one of the heaven-born passes by.

For a long time Fagan and Patricia lived on in the village, till the man was becoming a myth. A dozen enterprising hunters had brought in his head, and the papers in Manila had even ceased to give circumstantial accounts of his capture when news was short. But at last an American prisoner came to the town, the only white man who saw Fagan alive after his desertion. By a strange chance, he was an officer of the regiment, and Fagan received him with sober joy.

"I'se glad to see you, Lootenant," he said. "I raickoned they'd bring you up heah when I hea'd you was done capchuhed. They kind brings mos' ev'rything up to me these days."

Lootenant; you tell him I nevah went to huht no 'Merican, an' nevah will, less'n he goes to huht me first. You believe that, don' you, Lootenant?" And the officer gravely nodded "Yes."

"'Bout that desertin', now. I'se thought a whole lot about that, an' I raickon I did it jus' 'cause I had to have mo' room. I'se some big, I raickon"—he let his eye travel slowly down his body, and chuckled—"seems like I has to have a whole plenty o' room. Seems like there wasn't room for me and Lootenant Sha'ap in one ahmy, no, Sir. An' then, I dunno, Lootenant, maybe you nevah felt how a woman can make you 'shamed o' yousaif? This Patricia heah, maybe she don' seem like much to you, but she's a heap to me—yes, Sir—an' she kept sayin', 'What for you go calabozo, Fagan?' She ain't easy goin' like me, Lootenant, she's got a plenty o' ginger in her. 'What for you go calabozo? Kill the little pig of a tenient,' she says. 'Kill everybody. You're big enough.' An' then she laughs at me—'Is you afraid, big' man?' she says. 'Lend me you' revolvah, big man. I'se little, but I'se not afraid.' She jus' make me plumb scaired o' mysaif, an' we come away 'cause Patsi an' me needed mo' room 'an what Lootenant Sha'ap could give us. 'Pears like you couldn't understan'. I'se no good at splainin' things, but I raickon that's the way it was. I jus' had to desert or huht somebody bad."



*They laughed and played and lay for hours beside some cool spring.*

The white man was not so joyous, but undismayed. "What are you going to do with me now you've got me?" he asked.

"Oh, don' you worry, Lootenant. I wouldn't huht you. No, Sir, you nevah troubled me. You jus' sit down, Lootenant, an' have a smoke. I'se agwine to send you down, jus' as soon as I can."

They sat and smoked in silence, the giant negro, the prisoner in his dragged uniform, the little brown guards with their naked bolos. At last Fagan said, "I raickon we could talk bettah if these guards was away. You git out—" he pointed to them. "'Course you give you' wohd, Lootenant, you won't try to 'scape." "I promise," said the officer, and fell to watching the great, quiet, unshapen, black face. It roused his curiosity for a certain non-offensive air of self-reliance which he had never seen in a black face before. "Fagan," he asked at length, "why did you do it?" "Do what, Lootenant?" "Why, desert, and lead the natives against us, and all that." The negro clinched his great fist. "This yere fool talk makes me plumb riled," he said, thumping the rude table. "I ain't nevah fought the 'Mericans. Why, I'se a 'Merican mysef. What'd I want to go yampin' round the country for, anyway. I'se got all I want right heah, chickens an' yams, an' a good dry house an'—" He reached out his hand and grasped Patricia's little one, and they smiled at each other. "No, Sir, I don't want no mo' fightin'. I'se got a good home an' I goes to sleep when I wants to, an' I gets up when I wants to, an' I has good clean cloes ev'ry day. You tell the Kuhnel,

He stopped, and the woman began to speak to him. The white man watched her, and a great light burst upon him. She was glorious, this slim brown thing with the dusky hair and the straight, slender neck, and—"I'm little, but I'm not afraid," mused the Lieutenant. Ages of civilisation dropped from him as he gazed, and with a somewhat graceless pity he compared the pale fettered woman he had known with this free, wild, perfect thing whose feeling was her life. She was talking with her tongue and eyes and hands, and Fagan answered a few words and laughed, and she laughed, too, a sound as natural and sweet as the ripple of a stream, and then her great eyes lighted with earnestness as she went on. The Lieutenant felt a pang of something almost shame. He could never bring fire to those eyes; he was not a man to her, only a thing, not to be compared with this black giant.

Fagan turned to him with an amused chuckle. "She's full o' ginger," he said. "I raickon it's lucky I was heah when you come. She was askin' me when I was goin' to kill you. 'You must,' she says, 'or else he'll lead soldiers up heah'—that's all right, Lootenant," he said, as the officer moved uneasily. "That's you' duty, an' it's all right, only she don't understan' that. 'Let's kill him now,' she says. 'You talk with him, an' I'll put a knife into him from behind. It won't be no trouble at all.' Lawszee," he chuckled, admiringly. "I raickon she'd 'a' done it, too. She's got mo' ginger." The Lieutenant smiled with him, but he soon rose unobtrusively and seated himself with his back to the solid corner-post of the house. Patricia watched the manoeuvre with



"I don't know," said the Lieutenant, "but I'm right sorry about this. But—why don't you come down with me now and surrender?" he asked impulsively. "That will help, and I can explain things to the court and you'll only get six months or so for desertion."

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So Fagan and Patricia must needs leave the snug little brown house at the end of the sleepy, grass-grown street, and go out on the High Trail, the unending road of the plains, a broad highway to men with hoofs and claws and wings, and to men little less wild than these, the men of the hills. At times the little brown thread was twined amid the giant roots of trees, and they wandered in a cool twilight,



*He turned a bend in the Trail, and there—*

alone with the long creepers and the ferns and the bright birds that played about some opening in the matted roof, far above their heads, where the sun stole through for a brief hour. Sometimes it clung to the massive walls of a canyon, where a river boiled so far below that the sound of its torment came to their ears like the babble of a brook. Sometimes it shot upward to the realm of the clouds, and from a bare, grassy height they peered out through shifting mistweaths over all the cities and fields of the plains to the blue hint of the distant sea.

Fagan and Patricia followed the Trail steadily but leisurely, day after day. There was no call for haste, no white pursuer knew that road. So they laughed and played, and lay for hours beside some cool spring, basking in the warm sunshine and the thin, sharp air, and camped at night in little valleys under a pall of cloud. Once Fagan shot a deer, and they delayed for days, drying the meat over pungent wood-smoke. But as their muscles hardened to the Trail, they insensibly made greater progress, in spite of their dallying. Two weeks brought them to the land of the Unknown, had they but known it. The mountains were higher and wilder, the cloudcaps more frequent. Often the forest on some huge hill, towering black above the Trail, was thin and pointed at the top, as if it had been torn, and there, unseen of them, was a village perched high on the trunks of trees, whence keen-eyed men watched their progress, but they were children of the plains and could not know, so they walked undismayed. And the keen-eyed men walked with them, unseen, frisking along above them over ground where others would have crept—short, huge-limbed men, whose stiff black hair flowed over their shoulders and was tied out of their eyes with a fillet, men who squatted naked in the mists of evening and did not shiver, men who brought their sweethearts hideous dowries of human heads. They hung about the Trail, watching these strange creatures who walked openly and undismayed in the

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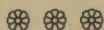
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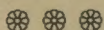
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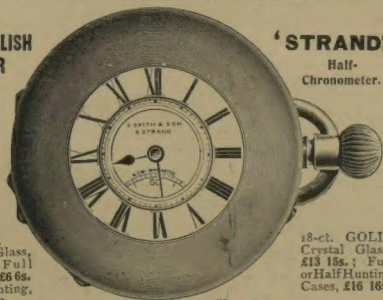
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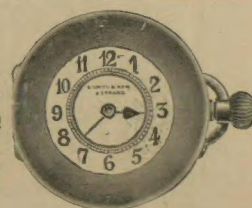


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land of Fear. Often, when the campfire was lighted, they stole noiselessly up, their muscles twitching like a cat's before she springs, and then halted as a great voice rang over the forest, "I've been wo'kin' on the ra'alroad," and they clawed their way up the slopes to the long-legged villages and held council together in the queer fire-shadows.

One evening, as they camped, Patricia missed a little bundle of venison, and strolled back along the Trail to look for it. Fagan kindled the fire, and then strolled back too. "Hoy, Patsi!" he called. The forest was silent. He turned a bend in the Trail, and there—Fagan gazed at it stupidly, and then the blind impulse of wrath swept over him again. But there was naught to strike. The long shadows of the trees lay across the Trail, the creepers swayed lazily in the evening breeze; far up a crow called petulantly for her belated mate. Fagan swung his arm helplessly at the forest. "Come out," he moaned; "come out wheah I can see you! Come out, you cowards, you sneakin' dogs that kill women from behind! I've not afraid of you. Oh, I'll mash you! Come—" With a soft *ching* a lance stuck quivering in a tree beside him. Otherwise the forest was silent; even the crow had ceased to scold. He looked down. A darker shadow was stealing among the lengthening ones on the Trail. A spirit of the forest gripped Fagan like an icy hand, the spirit of Dread, and he ran blindly to the fire, seized his rifle, and took up the Trail alone.

For three days and nights he hurried on. The empty pain of his stomach, the dizzying, numbing lack of sleep, could not hold him against the dread of that unseen escort. It gave little sign, simply the rustling of a fern now and then, the swaying of one creeper when others were still; but he felt its presence and staggered on. On the evening of the third day he stepped suddenly from the forest into a little theatre among the hills. A clear brook bubbled over golden gravel, the turf beneath a great solitary tree was thick and soft. The tops

*Then he lay back lazily and twisted his last bit of tobacco into a cigarette.*

of the encircling hills were ruddy with the sunset; but the dusk was growing in the hollow. The wild cocks in the wood were crowing their families to roost. Everything was quiet and peaceful, and Fagan as he gazed became quiet and peaceful too.

He flung himself on the soft turf, and drank his fill from the little brook. As always when he sought to rest, the forest became vague with life. A covey of wild chickens whirled above the opening, flushed by a sudden fright. A stone rolled some, where close at hand, dislodged by a purposely careless foot, and Fagan grinned and shook off the clinging cartridge-belt. "You can't bluff me," he said to the forest, a trick he had learned of late. A fern swayed uneasily not a dozen yards away, and he clicked a cartridge into his rifle and fired. "You git out," he chuckled. "I've a-gittin' tired of you' company."

When he was rested a little he kindled a fire and toasted a bit of venison. Then he lay back lazily and twisted his last bit of tobacco into a cigarette. Between puffs he bellowed his evening song, and the rude melody took on the sweetness of a ballad. "Don' you heah the bugle callin'?" sang Fagan, and tossed the butt of the cigarette into the fire. It was quite dark now in the hollow, and he sat in a little circle of dancing light. He looked at the wall of darkness with quiet, unfrightened eyes that presently began to close with the pressure of a mighty drowsiness.

"I've kind o' sleepy now," he announced at length, "an' I've agwine to bed. I was hopin' to sit up an' meet youall, but I can't do it. Youall can wake me up when you wants me." The fire flickered, and he pillowed his head on his arm, and watched the dance of the shadows grow shorter. "Lawsee," he murmured, drowsily, as the great numbness of sleep stole over him, "I raickon Patricia'd think I was afraid again. That little girl did have the po'owfullest lot o' ginger in her." He threw his great arm over the empty ground beside him. "Good-night, Patsi," he murmured. THE END.



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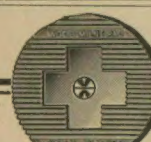
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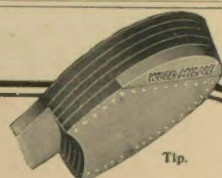
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